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POETRY.

THE SERVICE OF THE ANTIQUE WORLD, 130	A DOUBLE EVENT, 130
	THREE PERSIAN QUATRAINS, 130

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THE SERVICE OF THE ANTIQUE WORLD.

ERE yet Cimmerian darkness hides
 Our dear old James or Thomas,
 While here and there the type abides,
 We'll sketch him, ere swift modern tides
 Bear him forever from us.

Who has not known the rugged face
 With many a kindly wrinkle?
 That look of stolid commonplace,
 Through which we may distinctly trace
 The shrewd and knowing twinkle.

That memory so wondrous short
 For missus's new fad,
 Yet of that inconvenient sort
 That recollects each prank and sport
 When master was a lad.

And master, who with pomp full-blown
 The County Council awes,
 And rules the Bench, must change his tone,
 And argue each amendment down
 When passing household laws.

Yet, mark you this, should Bill or John
 (Mere mushrooms of the year)
 Presume but to enlarge upon
 Or echo one objection,
 Then in a trice he'll veer.

And woe betide the wretch! For he—
 This rebel stout and grim—
 Will yield to none in loyalty,
 And comments on "the family"
 Are patented for him.

And—let Sir Walter talk his fill
 Of one fair wayward sex—
 Should "pain or anguish" o'er us thrill,
 Who like our friend can drop self-will
 And every wish to vex?

Who then more faithful or more true?
 Who can in worth excel him?
 Then patience! if, when skies are blue,
 He tries your temper; for he'll do
 Anything in the world for you
 (Except the thing you tell him).
 Temple Bar. TERRA-COTTA.

A DOUBLE EVENT.

THE merles find Edens in scented hedges,
 And sing in chorus the live-long day;
 The streamlet dances amid the sedges;
 The larks are loud, and the thrushes gay;

The tall, white lilies bend o'er the river;
 Butterflies revel in clover seas;
 The green leaves ripple; the corn-blades
 quiver;
 The stockdoves croon in the linden-
 trees.

Creamy and pink are the wayside roses;
 The year is nearing its golden prime;
 Over the poppy the brown bee dozes;
 Breezes are fragrant with mint and
 thyme;
 Golden sunbeams keep tryst with shadows
 Where the forest branches are closest
 wed;
 Marguerites grow in the spreading meadows
 'Mid waving grasses and sorrel red.

The gorses blaze in the fells and hollows;
 The tranquil sea is a nether sky;
 In mazy circles the busy swallows
 Round the lichened nests in the old wall
 fly;
 Purple and far are the hills of heather,
 Lost in distance the mountains grey;
 Joyous are I and the earth together;
 My love and summer come back to-day.
 Chambers' Journal. M. ROCK.

THREE PERSIAN QUATRAINS.

I.

(From Omar Khayyam.)

Sic transit gloria mundi.

Yon fort once proudly towered into the
 blue;
 Kings at its portals rendered homage due.
 Now from its ruins sounds the dove's lone
 coo,
 And fondly asks *who* built it, *who*, *who*,
who?

II.

(From Sâdî's "Gulistân." Book ii., Story 27.)

The wise I liken unto coins of gold,
 Valued in all the earth;
 But fools high-born as token coins I hold,
 Of merely local worth.

III.

(Author not known.)

When you were born, a helpless child,
 You only cried while others smiled.
 So live, that when you come to die,
 You then may smile and others cry.
 Macmillan's Magazine. T. C. LEWIS.

From Temple Bar

A FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT THE COURT
OF CATHERINE II.

BY MRS. D'ARCY COLLYER.

WITH a Russian fleet afloat, but the other day, in French waters, and new phases of the Eastern question looming large upon the horizon, the earlier developments of the impassioned friendship which has taken Europe by surprise have a new interest.

The foreign policy of France in the last years before the Revolution has sometimes been merged and forgotten in the tumults of her internal struggles. For the immeasurable gulf which was sprung under the Reign of Terror between the old and the new order of things, has seemed to sever all links of connection between her past and present even more effectually abroad than at home. Yet it will not be denied that what Carlyle calls "the delirious question" of Poland was the progenitor of the Eastern question of to-day; and it was with Poland and Turkey, and all the complications which arose between them and their giant neighbor, that the European policy of France was chiefly concerned.

It is this link between the past and present which makes the interest of the embassy of M. le Comte de Ségur to St. Petersburg.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, Russia had almost suddenly become a power in Europe. Under Catherine II. she threatened to become a danger. It would seem that she was about to solve, after a violent fashion, the problem which after all has survived to vex a later day.

That problem of "the unspeakable Turk" was discussed, more especially in France, with at least as deep an interest, and from as varied standpoints, as it is to-day. The philosophers — and this was only another name for the liberal and "advanced" party — were one and all in favor of the expulsion of the Turk. They advocated it not only from self-interest, but from the point of view of a high-sounding morality. Turgot maintained that the destruction of the Ottoman Empire would open out

new routes for commerce by destroying the monopoly of the trade of India, and would, besides, be a benefit to mankind at large, "because it would involve the abolition of slavery, and because, to despoil an oppressive people, the enemy of its own subjects, was not to attack, but to avenge the common rights of humanity." The question of self-interest is put in a more concrete form by a certain M. de Volney, whose book is quoted by Grimm in his "*Correspondance Littéraire*." He discusses the indemnity France ought to exact in the event of her yielding to Russia in the matter. Egypt is fixed upon as by far the most desirable, but he sees great obstacles; its acquisition would involve three wars: the first with the Turks, the second with the English, the third with the natives. Nevertheless, such a prize could not be refused.

The French government, on the other hand, looked upon both Turkey and Poland as the best safeguards against Russian advance. With no convenient pretext for active resistance to Russia, which besides would have been highly inconvenient financially, it had taken the line of perpetual plotting with her foes. M. de Vergennes, while ambassador at Constantinople, was wont to boast that he had kindled the war of 1769 between the Turk and the Russian. This was during the ministry of the Duc de Choiseul, who himself sent envoys to encourage the Poles in their resistance to Russia and Russia's envoy-king, Stanislas Poniatowski. His object was to entangle the Turks in Polish affairs, and to combine both against Russia; and more than one French gentleman in search of adventure had received direct though secret encouragement from Louis XV. to command bands of French volunteers in Poland.

For the success of such a policy it was necessary that Poland should exist, and if France stood by and allowed its first dismemberment in 1772, it was merely the result of the paralysis which had fallen upon her government under the reign of the Dubarry. Louis XV.'s helpless and sullen lament —

"Ce ne serait jamais arrivé, si Choiseul eut été encore ici"—shows that he understood at any rate the true significance of the loss of Poland in the European balance.

This policy of intrigue in Poland and Turkey was an open secret to Catherine II., and disposed her to see the hand of Choiseul in every hostile demonstration against her government. When L'Abbé Chappe wrote a book, describing Russia in no complimentary terms, she believed that Choiseul had prompted him, in order to lessen her prestige in the eyes of Europe, and under Louis XVI., the presence of French engineers, directing the defence works of the Porte, and of French officers commanding in the Turkish army, was a perpetual reminder of the continuation of the same policy.

Yet, curiously enough, with all this political enmity, a reaction in favor of French culture, as opposed to German, had set in under Catherine's predecessor, the Czarina Elizabeth, and Catherine herself, while bitterly distrustful of the French government, was devoted to French literature, and on the warmest terms of friendship with French philosophers. There were for her "two Frances, the one her enemy, the other her ally. All her *ennuis* came from Versailles, all her consolations from Paris." The Revolution of 1762, which placed her upon the throne, was scarcely over before she began her correspondence with D'Alembert. In the next year she is writing to Madame Geoffrin, and to Voltaire. In 1765 she is buying Diderot's books in order to relieve his wants by making him librarian to his own library. When Grimm goes in 1773, in the suite of the landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt, to St. Petersburg, he is made a kind of *causeur* to the empress, who, every evening after cards, talks to him and hears him talk of all that is being said and thought among the philosophers.

In 1774 begins his celebrated "Correspondance Littéraire," in which he sends her what the gazettes did not

then furnish—the criticism of every new book or play which was appearing in Paris. Catherine's own reading was mainly French, and she attached so much importance to a French theatre, which she established in St. Petersburg, that, with a delightful mixture of philosophy and despotism, she fined her courtiers fifty roubles for non-attendance, and sent out her guards to bring in absentees. Her enthusiasm for the Encyclopædia is constantly appearing in her correspondence; she plagiarizes freely in her famous "Instructions for a New Code," from Montesquieu's "Esprit des Loix;" "It is the breviary of sovereigns," she says. When Beccaria's "Traité des délits et des peines," and Marmontel's "Bélisaire" were forbidden in France as "wanting in respect for the legislation," she sends the one author a subsidy, and to Marmontel a letter, in which she tells him she is herself translating "Bélisaire," with the help of her courtiers. It is a kind of veiled defiance that she makes to the French government, to encourage and protect the authors they ignored; she does not scruple to mock at the *welche* proceedings of the French court; *welche* being Voltaire's mocking name for that "false France at Versailles, which dreads innovations, which fears the light, and would stifle thought." "I think," says this empress, who had courageously set the example of inoculation to her people, "that it is shameful for a king of France, living in the eighteenth century, to die of small-pox. *Cela est si welche.*" So the autocrat of all the Russias helps on the downfall of the Bourbons; and it was a little too late to banish the bust of Voltaire from her palaces when the head of Louis Seize had fallen on the scaffold.

It is not then, perhaps, so paradoxical as it appears that the philosophers, the enlightened supporters of Liberalism, were one and all enthusiasts for Catherine II. and the most absolute monarchy in Europe. These champions of the oppressed in their own country had no word of sympathy for the woes of Poland, the miseries of the

serf, or the expulsion of the Turk. For them Catherine was the "Light of the North," the visible embodiment of philosophy enthroned. They could not stop to inquire whether she had murdered her husband, or was likely to disturb the equilibrium of Europe, when she had so wide an outlook into the future of humanity and the dreams of philosophy.

But the whole attitude of the French philosophers towards foreign governments is a curious episode in the history of their opinions, and is perhaps not to be explained altogether by the light of pure reason.

From foreign kings they had received appreciation and pensions, and the most flattering homage, while their own court had little for them but fines and imprisonment, or at best a complete ignoring of this new power of literature. It was impossible for them to judge too harshly the mistakes of monarchs who valued their opinions so highly, who corresponded with them on such flattering terms of intimacy, and through whom they hoped to alter the course of history. The intercourse occasionally had curious results. All Europe gossiped over the quarrels of Frederick the Great and Voltaire. Catherine had also her experiences; she described with some humor to M. de Ségur the lectures she received from Diderot when he visited St. Petersburg at her invitation. "If I had believed him," she says, "there would have been a complete upheaval of my empire — legislation, administrative policy, finance — I should have overturned everything, to put in their place impracticable theories. However, as I listened more than I talked, a witness might have taken him for a severe pedagogue, and I for his humble scholar. Probably he thought so himself, for, after a time, seeing that he did not effect in my government any of the great changes which he was advising, he expressed his surprise with a sort of discontented pride." Then she points out to him by a little parable the difference between the human skin, on which she, "poor

empress," had to work, and the senseless, smooth, and unresisting paper upon which his imaginative politics might be evolved after purely logical methods. From that moment she thought he looked upon her as an *esprit étroit et vulgaire*.

Diderot was not the only philosopher who aspired to guide Catherine II. A certain M. Mercier de la Rivière, a writer of some distinction, had published in Paris a work entitled, "*De l'ordre naturel et essentiel des sociétés politiques*," containing many ingenious theories in what we should now call "social science." Catherine, who loved to hear every new thing, invited the author to St. Petersburg. The sequel was sufficiently ridiculous; but perhaps nothing shows more clearly the wild dreams in which the minor sort of philosophers indulged as to the coming age of reason, as represented in their own persons.

M. de la Rivière [the empress told Ségur] started off with the utmost despatch on receiving his invitation, and as soon as he arrived his first care was to hire three houses, whose internal arrangements he entirely altered, converting the drawing-rooms into audience-rooms, and the bedrooms into offices. The philosopher had taken it into his head that I had called him to help me to govern my kingdom, and to bring us out of darkness by the light of his wisdom. He had written in large characters over the various doors in his new dwelling: "Department of the Interior;" "Department of Commerce;" "Department of Finance," etc., and at the same time he had sent out notices to certain Russians, as well as foreigners, who he heard were possessed of some education, to send in their titles of recommendation to such offices as he thought they might fill.

This naturally made some stir in Moscow, as it was thought to have been done by Catherine's orders, and only upon her arrival was the mistake cleared up, and the poor philosopher disillusioned.

In spite of an occasional fiasco such as this, French philosophy was an active principle, not only in Russian, but in European politics, nearly a

quarter of a century before it bore fruit in the Revolution of 1789.

When Diderot was in St. Petersburg, the Austrian and English ambassadors, and Frederick the Great himself, were in alarm at his political intrigues. Voltaire corresponded with half the reigning sovereigns in Europe — with Stanislas Poniatowski, with Gustavus III. of Sweden, with Christian VII. of Denmark, with half-a-dozen German princes, with Frederick the Great, and Catherine of Russia. It is not only of literature that they write, but of the liberty of the press, of civil and religious toleration, of the happiness of the subject, and the duties of kings; on such matters not one was indifferent to the good opinion of the "patriarch of Ferney," who was the dispenser of fame and the leader of public opinion. It seems certain that his support was of actual service to them, however deeply his opinions were in reality undermining their thrones. Catherine, in particular, makes him and his satellites the trumpeters of her fame. The history of her victories, of Turkish atrocities, of projected reforms, are all detailed in her letters, not only for Voltaire's benefit, or for Zimmermann's at Hanover, or Grimm's at Paris, but for the benefit of that larger public that they influenced. It is by their means that events of doubtful tendency were explained in her favor.

That this was in part her object is proved by the fact that her letters to Madame Bielké at Hamburg, the commercial centre of the West, were generally a fairly exact reproduction of her letters to Voltaire at Ferney, from which centre all southern Europe might be influenced. M. de Rambaud quotes a passage, which shows that she was aware of this utilitarian side of her correspondence. She is excusing herself to some ecclesiastical dignitary, who has remonstrated with her for her intimacy with Voltaire: —

What can be more innocent [she writes] than such a correspondence with an old man of eighty, who, in writings which are read by all Europe, is doing his best to

glorify Russia, to humiliate her enemies, to restrain the active hostility of his own countrymen who are eager to spread everywhere their malicious rage against our country; and in this he is successful. From this point of view the letters addressed to this "atheist" will do, I think, no harm, either to church or nation.

In the matter of Poland, Catherine was specially eager to persuade Voltaire, in order that he might persuade Europe. But on this point he needed no persuasion. He is eager with his congratulations, when her conquests over the Turks give reason to hope that she may find time to "pacify" Poland. He writes her a scornful account of the manifesto which appeared in Paris in 1770, by which the Roman Catholic confederate republicans of Poland called upon their countrymen to follow the example of "their good neighbor and faithful ally," the Sublime Porte, who had declared war on Russia. When the first division of Poland has actually taken place, "I thank your Majesty," he writes, "for having advanced your boundary towards the south. I see that in course of time I shall be able, after all, to pay you the visit I have so long contemplated; your Majesty shortens my journey from day to day."

No doubt the question of religion had much to do with this want of sympathy for Polish woes. The triumph of Catherine, the head of the Greek Church, might mean the humiliation of Roman Catholicism. Besides, the Roman Church in Poland was bitterly intolerant, and the "Confederation of Bar" had, in the first instance, been formed to protest against the admission of all "dissidents" to the rights of equal citizenship. Their resistance to Catherine was preached by the priests and blessed by the pope's envoy. The Polish nobles, Jesuit-led, were at all times ready to oppress the members of the Greek Church, so that their incessant revolts against Russia and against the king she had imposed upon them, took the convenient form of a religious duty. Catherine, on the other hand, was an ardent, if not a persevering

social reformer, who preached, and within certain limits practised, religious toleration, and on that point, at least, carried out the precepts of the philosophers. But neither she nor they were prepared to extend their toleration to the Turk.

Voltaire is forever proclaiming that the Mohammedans must be driven out of Europe, and that Catherine must establish herself at Constantinople, and restore Greece to freedom.

I have been preaching that little crusade for many years [he writes]. Some visionary spirits, like myself, maintain that the time approaches when St. Maria Theresa, in concert with St. Catherine, will grant my fervent prayers; they say that nothing would be easier than to take, in one campaign, Bosnia and Servia; and for the two to join hands at Adrianople. It would be a charming spectacle to see two empresses pull Mustapha's ears and send him back to Asia. Certainly if these two brave women have come to such an excellent understanding in the matter of Poland, we may well hope that they will change the face of Turkey after the same fashion.

Voltaire, in fact, looked upon Catherine as the champion of civilization and religious freedom; and, compared with this, the question of the balance of power in Europe, and even the sentiment of nationality, was as nothing. That a handful of Asiatics, who brought the plague into Europe, and despised letters, should oppress "the descendants of Alcibiades," seemed to him a disgrace to Europe. In his enthusiasm for a Greek Empire, he was "almost the first of the Phil-Hellenes." During many years of correspondence he preaches that crusade with untiring zeal.

Si vous étiez souveraine de Constantinople votre majesté établirait bien vite une belle académie grecque; on vous ferait une Catériniade; les Zeuxis et les Phidias couvriraient la terre de vos images; la chute de l'empire ottoman serait célébrée en grec; Athènes serait une de vos capitales; la langue grecque deviendrait la langue universelle, tous les négocians de la mer Egée demanderaient des passeports de votre majesté.

These were the visions which made

the French philosophers of the eighteenth century look to Russia as to a land of promise, and to Catherine as to a prophetic humanity. While the French government, therefore, was propping up the Turk, more potent representatives of French opinion were preaching his destruction; and while the court of Versailles was inciting a republican Poland to fight for the freedom which should make her the barrier against Russian advance, the philosophers and the "advanced" party, ensnared by the wiles of the Russian enchantress, were all for a Polish king in Russian leading-strings.

In the year 1785, when M. de Ségur went to St. Petersburg, the relations between the two governments had become so strained that M. de Vergennes considered that all measures of conciliation were practically useless. Yet the few years that followed mark the turning-point in the French policy towards Russia; and the friendly relations which were gradually established, and which laid the foundation of the closer alliance of to-day, were in a great measure due to the last French ambassador under the *Ancien Régime*.

M. de Ségur was of that younger generation of the French *noblesse* which was at once loyal to the throne and enthusiastic for the new philosophy. He was therefore well fitted to infuse a little of the new leaven into the foreign diplomacy of his court. In 1776, he had volunteered for the American War, and had served with distinction until the declaration of independence. Almost immediately upon his return, M. de Vergennes, then minister for foreign affairs, offered him the post of plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to the Russian court. His only training in politics seems to have been familiarity with his own court.

His father was the well-known Maréchal de Ségur, minister of war during the early years of Louis XVI. Both he and his sons, the Comte and the Vicomte de Ségur, were destined to pass through all the extraordinary alternations of prosperity, honor, and court favor, and of poverty, imprison-

ment, and proscription, which was, in those days, a common lot. All three were brilliant figures at the court of Marie Antoinette; all three were reduced to want the necessities of life under the Terror. M. le Comte lived to be legislator and Academician, counsellor of state and senator under Bonaparte, whose military achievements were irresistibly attractive to him; to be courted by the restored Bourbons, again to be lured back to Napoleon on his return from Elba, and after Waterloo to spend his last years in Paris, a living memorial to a new generation of the eventful past.

This chequered future was all before him, when he accepted the mission to St. Petersburg in 1784. But the old and new order of things was even then curiously mingled in his life. When he left America, he received from Washington the "Decoration of Cincinnati;" the medal struck to commemorate American independence and American equality. In America itself this order had excited all kinds of heart burnings amongst nervous patriots. It had been declared hereditary in the families of those who fought for liberty; but though the medal itself, with its figure of Cincinnati on the one side, leaving the plough to take up arms, and on the other laying them down to resume his rustic life, ought to have been a parable that whoever runs might read, there was a general suspicion that such an hereditary distinction might be the first step to an hereditary nobility. In America, the members of the association wore their order rarely and with proper humility. In Paris the French soldier who had won this memorial of the triumph of a people over their king, paraded it in the streets with happy impunity, though the impression made by this ensign of liberty was very evident. M. de Ségur wore it by the side of his ribbon as commander of the Royal Order of St. Lazare, and of Notre Dame de Mont Carmel, into which he was received just before his departure for St. Petersburg by Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII., who loved to

keep up as far as possible the ancient customs of mediæval chivalry. M. de Ségur was probably the last who in Paris observed the full ceremonial of induction. Clothed in white, this disciple of the philosophers, "watched his arms" at night, at least for half an hour, in the chapel of the order; he received the accolade of the grand master, and swore the ancient oath, while they invested him with his sword and golden spurs.

Before his departure M. de Ségur spent six weeks in England, hoping to get from the French ambassador there the necessary information as to the relations between the Russian and English governments. This was a point of special importance, as the attitude of France and England towards Russia had hitherto been directly at variance. Lord Chatham considered the growth of Russia as advantageous, because she formed a counterpoise to the encroachments of France and Prussia; and although since her acquisition of the Crimea, Pitt took a different view and dreaded the aggressions of Catherine upon the Black Sea, the nation in general was by no means roused to alarm. England had, in fact, made so favorable a commercial treaty with Russia that she was not anxious to find occasions for war.

Little, therefore, was to be hoped for from England; and Austria, though still the nominal ally of France, had ceased to have any common interests with her. Since Maria Theresa's death in 1780, Joseph II., philosophical doctrinaire and benevolent despot, was absorbed in his dream of a Western Empire, in which all the lesser States of Germany should be merged, and which should be great enough to balance Catherine's Empire of the East. To purchase her connivance, he was willing enough to stand by while she conquered the Turk, and even to lend a hand in the process.

It would seem that the most consistent course for France would have been to ally herself with Prussia; and it is clear from M. de Ségur's instructions that both Louis XVI. and his

ministers were weary of Austria, and that such an alliance was actually pending. Frederick the Great was just then establishing his Fürstenbund as a barrier against the aggressions of Austria, on the constitution of the German Empire, and had made advances to secure the support of France. M. de Bouillé, who had returned to France in the winter of 1784, with a kind of informal commission to plead for this support, represented strongly the advantages which France would reap in allying herself with this earlier "Federation of the Rhine," and in ceasing to persevere in her connection with Austria. But these negotiations came to an end in a manner highly characteristic of both the internal and external policy of France at that time. M. de Vergennes listened with profound conviction to M. de Bouillé's pleadings that there should be no delay, since negotiations with the English government had already been opened by Frederick; but he says only "avec un air pénétré: 'Croyez, Monsieur, que je ne suis pas le Maître.'" "The king," adds M. de Bouillé, "might well have said the same." He discussed the matter, however, with much wisdom and knowledge of public affairs. But nothing was done; and M. de Bouillé returned to Prussia in the summer of 1785, to find Lord Cornwallis in the possession of the field and the English alliance almost concluded. The inference is inevitable that the "Austrian party," at variance though it was with public opinion and with the real views of the king, was at least strong enough to clog the wheels.

When, however, M. de Ségur visited Frederick the Great on his way to St. Petersburg, the negotiation was not concluded, so that it was an exceptionally favorable moment for an interview. Ségur was received by the king with the utmost cordiality and with a military simplicity. A single sentinel was before his door; a single aide-de-camp in his ante-room. Carlyle has quoted the Frenchman's description of the warrior-king's old blue coat, his high boots, his tobacco-stained doublet, his

hollow chest and bowed back, his eyes glowing with the fires of genius. Fortunately, also, Ségur gives much of the talk that passed, so that for a moment we see the situation with the penetrating eyes of Frederick the Great. It was fortunate, too, for M. de Ségur that at that moment it was Frederick's policy that the ambassador of France, whose alliance he still hoped to win, should make a success at the court of Catherine II. in the hope that he might detach Russia from the Austrian alliance. He was therefore ready to give him the benefit of his knowledge of the more important personages at St. Petersburg, and more especially of that wondrous empress of the North, who had passed from an obscure German court to an immense empire; who, at the age of eighteen, had, it was said, murdered her husband in order to reign alone; had ruled tranquilly over a tempestuous nobility and a half barbarous population for more than twenty years; had triumphed over the Turks, and burned their fleet in their own narrow seas.

"Ah," said Frederick, "though we are now a little at variance, I must do her justice; people are mistaken in that matter. Neither the honor nor the crime of that revolution can be imputed to the empress. She was young, feeble, isolated, and a stranger, in the very act of being repudiated and imprisoned. The Orloffs did everything; the Princess d'Aschhoff was only the fly upon the wheel. Catherine could not help herself; she only threw herself into the arms of those who wished to save her. The plot was very foolish and ill-constructed. Paul the Third's want of courage, his neglect of the counsels of the brave Munich, was the cause of his ruin; he let himself be dethroned, like a child who is sent to bed."

To this day it cannot be said that Catherine's complicity in the murder has been proved. Her latest biographer¹ gives her the benefit of the doubt. Frederick himself believed that

¹ Catherine II. de Russie, "Le Roman d'une Impératrice." Par K. Waliszewski.

once free and crowned, she would willingly have allowed her husband to live ; but that the Orloffs knew their danger, and consummated their treachery by his assassination.

From Catherine the transition was easy to Poland and her king, who, as Comte Poniatowski, had been Catherine's lover, whom she had both crowned and despoiled. Frederick, however, had his reasons for passing lightly over the present position of Stanislas Poniatowski.

The early history of that poor "king of shreds and patches" reads like the story of a fairy prince. An astrologer had told his mother that he would reign, and so from his earliest youth he had learnt, as though it were a kind of mechanical art, the manners and deportment of a king. His personal beauty and accomplishments had won him the love of an empress ; and he had learnt in the salons of Paris the maxims of that philosophy which he applied with such singular ill-success when his capricious Catherine crowned him king of Poland. Reason and toleration were not the weapons for the warfare which was raging incessantly between the "dissidents" and the most bigoted Roman Catholics in Europe. Stanislas, in obedience to philosophy and Russia, was inclined for complete toleration ; but naturally the support of a Russian army in the struggle was enough to bring upon him the accusation of treason and complicity with the foes of the State. The situation soon became impossible, and when Ségur visited Poland in 1785, the Russian ambassador had been established for more than twelve years over a dismembered Poland, where he held something of the position of a mayor of the palace under the old Frankish monarchy.

To Ségur he spoke without disguise of the part which he played. His authority was practically unlimited, and he used it avowedly to increase the anarchy of the unhappy nation. Catherine had long ceased to find it convenient to support Stanislas. When Thugut visited Warsaw and wished to pay him his court, he saw on entering

the audience-chamber a man richly dressed, and surrounded by a crowd of courtiers. Naturally, he took this imposing presence for the king, and advanced with the usual reverences. Every one, however, hastened to warn him of his mistake, and showed him Stanislas talking familiarly in a corner of the room with two or three people. The jest was all against Thugut, but he avenged himself cleverly enough at a game of cards with the king and the Austrian ambassador. Twice he played the knave instead of the king ; and, affecting to apologize for the mistake, cried : "Pray excuse me, I don't know what ails me to-day ; that is the third time I have taken the knave for the king."

As king of Poland, Stanislas had little cause to welcome a French ambassador. Between the philosophical party, who, in spite of his tolerance and his unqualified submission to Catherine II., were entirely prepared to sacrifice him to her ambition, and the secret agents of the government, who had intrigued with his rebellious subjects, he had fared badly at the hands of France. And her support of the "Confederates of Bar," whose opposition to him was only another name for opposition to Russia, was the more bitter, that it was France who had herself forced him into dependence upon Russia, by her refusal of her own alliance. For this he had secretly applied at the very moment of his election, hoping by that means to escape the galling yoke of Catherine II., and to make of Poland an independent country.¹

He had, however, in memory of his early friendships in Parisian salons, much ancient kindness for a Frenchman ; and perhaps he hoped to conciliate Catherine by the ambassador's intervention ; so that M. de Ségur stayed some months in that strange country of vast silent plains and sombre fir forests, of magnificent palaces and dirty villages.

Everything in this country [he wrote] is

¹ *Vide* Le Secret du Roi : Correspondance Secrète de Louis XV., avec ses agents diplomatiques. Par le Duc de Broglie.

a contrast : deserts and palaces, the slavery of the peasants, the turbulent liberty of the nobles, who alone form the Polish nation ; an immense wealth of corn, and no commerce, except such as is carried on by a crowd of greedy Jews. . . . In almost all the castles the luxury of a great fortune ill-administered, and melting away under the weight of debts to usurers ; an immense number of servants and horses, and scarcely any furniture ; an Oriental luxury and none of the ordinary conveniences of life ; a sumptuous table, open to every chance guest, and no beds, except those of the master and mistress of the house. . . . In the towns, the arts, wit, grace, and literature rivalling Vienna, London, and Paris ; in the provinces, manners still smacking of the ancient Sarmatians. Altogether, an inconceivable mixture of ancient and modern times ; a monarchical and a republican spirit ; feudal pride and love of equality ; poverty and riches ; wise discourses in the Diet and swords drawn to end the discussion ; ardent patriotism and too frequent appeals made in the spirit of faction to foreign influence.

M. de Ségur was rash enough to leave this country of paradoxes too early in the winter, before the cold had sufficiently hardened the vast snow plains for sledge traffic. The snow, as he passed the villages, was heaped to the lintels of the doors, so that for some weeks he was detained at a magnificent castle, planted in the desert, where music and dance and conversation, with a company of chance guests like himself, passed away the time, until the sledges were at last available. On the 10th of March, 1785, he reached the court of Catherine *le grand*.

Russia, too, was a country of contrasts ; of Eastern and Western civilizations, but partly blended ; of barbaric luxury and extremest squalor. It was but half a century since she had become European. A few were yet living who could remember the founding of St. Petersburg ; but in outward forms at least the Russian nobility had made themselves "like the rest of the world." The women especially had become cultivated ; many could speak four or five languages, and were familiar with the best foreign literature. Yet the change was but skin deep ;

the court only was affected by it, the mass of the nobility kept to the accent, the dress, and the sterile ignorance of ancient Russia ; whilst an immense middle class and a swarming multitude of serfs had not passed beyond the condition of the Middle Ages.

M. de Ségur collected during his four years' embassy a great deal of information as to the country and peoples of Russia ; but it is the more possible to follow exclusively his diplomatic career, that the sombre background of Siberia and the knout made politics everywhere a tabooed subject, except amongst the most intimate friends. In this only the conversation of the most cultivated society differed from that of Paris, where politics had by this time become almost the only object of general interest.

The most conspicuous person at the court of Catherine II. was Prince Potemkin ; and it was he whom it most behoved the Comte de Ségur to win to his interests. The prince's influence was as unbounded as his ambition. If he did not originate the scheme of a vast Eastern Empire for Russia, he was at least its most zealous supporter. Catherine had endowed him with such immense territories that he was suspected of aiming at independence. It was even said that she had secretly married him ; and Ségur thought this the less improbable, that when younger favorites for a time supplanted him, he nevertheless retained to his death an extraordinary authority over her. An almost incredible deference and servility were shown him by the whole nobility, and even the foreign ambassadors found a difficulty in preserving a due dignity in their relations with him. "The English envoy," says Ségur, "accustomed from the manners of his country to every sort of eccentricity," knew with an un-failing tact how to allow familiarity without any loss of self-respect. The Austrian Cobentzl, thinking that in politics everything was allowable, surpassed the Russian courtiers even in complaisance and docility. Ségur had recourse to different tactics ; when

Potemkin keeps him waiting at an audience, he goes quietly home ; when he is received by the prince in a *robe de chambre*, bare legs and slippers, he returns the compliment at the return visit. This kind of treatment seems to have answered admirably. Potemkin, himself an original, and superbly disdainful of his flatterers, was attracted by M. de Ségur's originality ; and the latter knew how to pursue his advantage, by leading the conversation to the subjects dearest to the prince's heart. This wild, half-barbarous soldier of fortune, of extravagantly irregular life, had of all things a passion for theology, and would discourse for hours on Œcumenical Councils and the doctrines of the Early Church. He alternated between dreams of becoming king of Poland, a monk, or the founder of a religious order. When he is successful in battle, it is because he had encamped near the church of his patron saint. He catches four wretched Tartars in one of his southern campaigns, and summons the Prince de Ligne to witness their fate. The prince was for a moment in fear lest he should be about to assist at an execution ; instead, they are plunged into an immense cauldron, and "Voilà, grâce au ciel !" says Potemkin, "quatre Mahométans baptisés par notre immersion grecque." "Et bien enrhumés," adds the Prince de Ligne.

M. de Ségur's success in winning the regard of this extraordinary person ensured the success of his embassy ; and he found himself at once admitted to the empress's private circle of guests hitherto only open to the English and Austrian ambassadors. These were the representatives of the friendly powers, whose alliance just then was important to Russia ; and nothing but the personal qualities of M. de Ségur could have procured for the envoy of France such a distinction. His friendship for Potemkin, in fact, gave rise to misconceptions, not only in the suspicious breast of Goertz, the Prussian ambassador, who could not be persuaded that the long and ardent conferences between Potemkin and Ségur

were only on the subject of the Greek schism. Potemkin himself put an interpretation upon Ségur's friendly advances which was by no means warranted by the attitude of the French government. At first by half-veiled hints, and afterwards by an outspoken proposal, he suggested the advisability of France falling in with the scheme of an Eastern Empire, and the expulsion of the Turks. The support of the English might, he thought, be bought by the Islands of the Ægean, and he was not too scrupulous to add that M. de Ségur might himself hope to be named a governor of some rich province, such as Egypt or Candia, which would fall to the share of France. "Confess" he says, "that the existence of these Mussulmans is a scourge for humanity. Yet if three or four great powers would but concert together, nothing would be easier than to drive them into Asia and to deliver from this pest, Egypt, the Archipelago, Greece, and all Europe. Would not such an enterprise be just, useful, religious, moral, honest ?"

The coarseness of the bribe was revolting to M. de Ségur's honor, but his personal convictions were all on the side of Prince Potemkin. "I never could understand," he says, "and I never shall, the strange moral and political system which persists in the support of barbarians, brigands, fanatics, who depopulate, desolate, inundate with blood the vast countries they possess."

With these pronounced views, it was not easy to resist the conviction that the true policy of France was an alliance with Russia ; and this, in fact, became the burden of M. de Ségur's representations to his court, and the object of all his diplomacy. Events were at hand which seemed likely to make such an alliance possible.

In the summer of his first year in Russia, the French ambassador joined the empress in one of those expeditions which she so constantly undertook for the sake of judging for herself of the condition of her *petite ménage*. It was in the course of this journey

that he noticed a sombre silence fall upon the usually gay and genial Catherine, and upon Potemkin himself. Every one was, in fact, so cross that Ségur began to suspect that they were conspiring to *bouder* the ambassador of France. It transpired, however, that the king of Prussia and Mr. Pitt were the offenders. Frederick, having failed to win the alliance of France, in spite of M. de Bouillé's mediation, had at that particular moment succeeded in obtaining the support of the king of England, in his capacity as elector of Hanover, to his anti-Austrian Fürstenbund.

In point of fact, this decisive act on the part of England marks a turning-point in the policy of Russia both towards France and England. "Ce contretemps," said Potemkin, "dérange tous nos combinaisons." It was the first revelation of Pitt's growing distrust of the ambition of Catherine II., who had hitherto been inclined to look upon England as a possible ally in her Eastern schemes; and it sowed a seed of bitterness in Catherine's heart, to bear fruit later in her war with Persia, which was only an indirect attack upon the commerce of India.

It is easy to see how strongly it affected the policy of France, whose delay in meeting the advances of the king of Prussia had thus almost forced her upon the alliance of Russia.

For her part it was clear that Catherine was inclined to meet France half-way. So early as 1773 she had listened complacently to Diderot's eager advocacy of an alliance; but it was policy, not philosophy, which turned the scale. While the Russian outlets for trade had been exclusively upon the Baltic and the Arctic Ocean, the treaty with England had been of paramount importance; but with every fresh acquisition upon the Black Sea and consequent increase of the Mediterranean trade, a friendship with France had become proportionately valuable.

M. de Ségur, therefore, seized upon this fortunate moment of irritation against England to suggest a conven-

ient revenge. With Potemkin's concurrence he addressed a confidential note to the empress, in which he submitted that the moment had come for a treaty of commerce with France, and even for a closer political alliance.

"If ever two States ought to be united by a treaty of commerce," runs the note, "it is Russia and France. They are too far off to do each other harm or to give rise to occasions for war or enmity. Their population and their riches would render them the arbiters of Europe if they were united in their policy." After this significant preamble, M. de Ségur went on to show that both countries had suffered from the fact that the articles of commerce between them passed through a third hand (i.e., the carrying vessels of the English), and that this had been caused by the exclusive privileges granted to the latter, which had put them beyond the reach of competition; that France herself neither demanded nor granted exclusive privileges, but asked only to be put upon a footing of equality with other nations, and that a protective treaty should give confidence to the French merchants, in which case it was certain that France would become a large consumer of the salt meats, the hemp, the raw hides, the saltpetre, and the tallows of Russia; while the French wines, and the sugar and coffee of her colonies, would reach Russia by way of Kherson at a much cheaper rate than had hitherto been possible.

The substance of this treaty had been projected on the part of France for more than forty years. It was now signed with scarcely any delay; and M. de Ségur records the piquant fact that by some accident of travel, the note itself was written with the pen and upon the writing-desk of the English ambassador. The success of the *coup* was due not only to the friendship of Prince Potemkin, but no doubt also to his jealousy for the rights and privileges of southern Russia, where his own vast possessions lay, and for whose yet-to-be-created trade he was anxious to find suitable outlets.

With this commercial treaty M. de Ségur had achieved the most solid and enduring success of his embassy ; but its crowning interest lies in that marvellous voyage on the Borysthène, which marked a still more conspicuous epoch in the Eastern question.

It was in January, 1787, that Fitzherbert, Cobentzl, and Ségur left St. Petersburg to join the empress at Czarskozeło, whence the party were to start first in sledges, and afterwards by boat, to visit the new province of Crimea.¹ The Prince de Ligne had preceded them, to carry to the emperor of Austria the plan of route, for Catherine's triumphal car was to be followed not only by a crowd of foreigners and newly made subjects, but also by the king of Poland and the emperor of Austria. The story of this "thrice-famous voyage," as Carlyle calls it, has a kind of fantastic splendor. The cold was intense ; the country one vast plain of snow ; the flying fleet of sledges travelled with an extraordinary swiftness for six days, through silent, ice-clad pine forests and wide, white plains, till they reached Kieff, where they were to take boat for Kherson on the Black Sea. Everywhere the country seemed a solitude, for at that season in Russia every beast is in his den, every peasant by his stove. Only at night, when the splendid *cortège* stopped at some little village for food and rest, the poor inhabitants collected in crowds, in spite of the terrible rigor of cold, and remained patiently watching with beards bristling with icicles, round the little palace raised in their midst as if by magic, where the joyous train of the empress, seated round a sumptuous table or upon luxurious divans, felt nothing of the cold, saw nothing of the poverty of the country, but lived forever in the midst of a sumptuous warmth, upon exquisite wines, rare fruits, and delicious food.

In their sledges, the travellers were so warmly wrapped in rich furs, over which again were worn heavy bearskins, that the cold was quite unfelt ;

and even the darkness of those long nights was unknown, for on each side of the road were raised at short intervals great faggots of fir, cypress, birch, and pine, which flamed into the night along the whole route.

At each town the empress, careful to pose with decorum as the head of the Greek Church, though in reality decidedly "philosophical" in her views, attended mass at the cathedral. A ball was an equally necessary part of the travelling ceremonial, because there the empress met several classes of people, whom she questioned with extreme care. Everywhere a palace was ready to receive her, while the richer inhabitants entertained her suite. Sometimes, however, the latter had strange quarters, in peasants' huts, where they tried in vain to sleep on wooden benches round the stoves, while the peasant himself, his wife and children, lay snoring on the stove itself, and the darkness of the chamber was lighted only by the flare of a resinous branch.

Through all the long journey politics was a tabooed subject, and for those not in the secret, it might have been what on the surface it professed to be — merely a tour of inspection of the newly acquired province of the Crimea. The Prince de Ligne, however, that spoilt favorite of so many kings, overhears some curious talk as he sits in the carriage between two monarchs, and sometimes, overcome with heat, falls half asleep on one or other august shoulder.

"Rather than sign the renunciation of thirteen provinces like my brother George," says Catherine sweetly, "I would have shot myself with a pistol." "And rather than sign my own resignation, like my brother and brother-in-law, by assembling the nation to talk about abuses, I don't know what I should have done," says Joseph II., liberal and philosopher. Sometimes *ces pauvres diables de Turcs* have their turn. The Prince de Ligne speaks with enthusiasm of the resuscitation of the Greeks ; and Catherine, of Lycurgus and Solon. But Joseph, thinking

¹ Finally annexed to Russia, 1773.

more of the future than of the past, says : "Que diable faire de Constantinople ?"

"I have thirty millions of subjects," says one, "counting only the males." "And I, twenty millions, counting all," says the other. "I want," says Catherine, "an army of at least six hundred thousand from Kamskatka to Riga." "With the half of that," says the emperor, "I have all I need."

The emperor of Austria, however, only joined the party at Kherson. At the ancient city of Kieff, which with many vicissitudes had been Polish till 1686, there was a halt of two months, until the breaking of the ice made the river navigable ; and it was here that Catherine received a motley crew of courtiers from the East and West : merchants in long robes, with immense beards ; officers in every variety of uniform ; the famous Cossacks of the Don in Asiatic dress and long lances ; Tartars, the ancient conquerors of Russia, now humbly submissive to a woman and a Christian ; a Prince of Georgia and numerous Kerghiz and Kalmucks, with flat Mongolian faces and wild and savage bearing, from the region of the Caspian. With these came splendid Polish nobles and *petits-maitres philosophes* from Parisian salons to do homage to the "Cleopatra of the Dneister," as it was the jargon of the day to call the great empress.

To Kanieff, a little lower on the river, came too Stanislas Poniatowski, king of Poland, who "spent three millions and three months to spend three hours with Catherine." The interview is like some scene in a tragedy, where curious crowds are watching as the fates close round the luckless hero. The hillsides and plains round Kanieff are covered with the squadrons of the magnificent Polish cavalry, the river is gay with the flagged vessels of the czarina. An immense curiosity prevailed to see the meeting between the two monarchs who had parted last as lovers. One is not surprised to hear of a shade of embarrassment and constraint upon the usually imperturbable face of the empress, or of the forced

smiles and sad eyes of poor Stanislas. When Catherine finds his hat for him after the banquet : "Ah, madame ! vous m'en avez donné autrefois un bien plus beau," he says, with that unconquerable tendency to epigram which seems inevitable in the most serious events of the eighteenth century.

But the time for favors for him was past. Catherine, indeed, received him with all splendor. The fleet was illuminated ; the hillsides furrowed with combustible materials, so that when lighted at night they showed like the lava streams of a volcano ; but she would not delay her journey at his entreaties, or attend the magnificent ball he had prepared for her. The meeting had, in fact, been practically fruitless. The situation had become too hopelessly involved to be mended by a few fair words. The destruction of Poland was already inevitable, for the promises of support, which neither Joseph nor Catherine refused to Stanislas, were in reality guarantees of further difficulties with his subjects, whose chief bond of union was hatred for the Russian protectorate.

The czarina's interview with the emperor seemed destined to have more effect. Even in 1772, Catherine had written to Voltaire, "Il ne nous restera guère que Byzance à prendre, et en vérité je commence à croire que cela n'est pas impossible." It seems certain that the first step towards the realization of her dream was definitely decided upon at Kherson, almost within sight of the Turkish fortresses. "C'est ici le chemin de Byzance," stood over a triumphal arch through which the monarchs had to pass. In public, Catherine still prated of peace, in private she was discussing with Joseph the re-establishment of the Greek republics. Joseph was to be dazzled with the prosperity and immense resources of Russia ; and this, no doubt, was in part the object of Prince Potemkin's preparations in the southern provinces, and the magical effects he had contrived to provide, as if for the eye of Catherine alone.

It was not only flocks and herds and

hapless peasants who were driven to the banks of the river to make a smiling prospect for the empress. Squadrons of Cossacks were constantly manœuvring on the steppes ; and, what was even more significant, Catherine reviewed for the first time, in the roads of the Bay of Sebastopol, a Russian fleet, the roar of whose cannon might have warned Europe that a Russian flag might in a few hours float upon the walls of Constantinople.

War, indeed, was in the air. The Turks were alarmed at Catherine's warlike demonstrations, while Catherine herself was unreasonably resentful, that while she was talking of peace, the Turks should respond by sending a fleet to Oczakoff, thus preventing her from reconnoitring that place from her own territory on the opposite side of the river. She was in reality anxious for an excuse to resume that struggle which afterwards gave her, by the peace of Jassy, Oczakoff, and Akermann, and the whole territory between the Bug and the Dniester.

Meantime, the position of the ambassador of France was not an easy one. By her rejection of Prussia, the Russian alliance had become a necessity for France, if she was not to remain isolated in Europe. But war, in the present state of her finances, was an impossibility for her, and war, if the two imperial powers should agree to attack the Turk, seemed inevitable. M. de Ségur could gain no security from his conversations with the emperor that Austria was prepared to offer any firm resistance to the aggressions of Catherine. The only guarantee for peace seemed the dearth which was prevailing in some of the richest provinces in Russia, and the insurrection in Brabant, which threatened to seriously hamper Joseph II.

The ambassador was convinced that the Russian alliance was the only way out of the difficulty ; the point was, to make it a quadruple alliance of Russia, Austria, France, and Spain. If this could be concluded, he believed

that England, Prussia, and the Porte "would be brought to reason," and that France would retain her influence in Holland. He could not have been ignorant that such an alliance almost inevitably involved war, but in after years he was disposed to believe, with Joseph, that war might have provided a convenient outlet for the ferment of men's minds in France. Louis XVI. was himself in favor of the alliance, but in vain M. de Ségur waited for decisive instructions from home. By every courier he received nothing but recommendations to reserve and caution. During the two years that followed that famous voyage, Catherine was perpetually urging and expecting that the matter should be concluded ; but neither Gustavus the Third's declaration of war against Prussia, and of an alliance with the Turks, nor the conclusion of an alliance between Russia, Holland, and England, could hasten the movements of the French ministry. The sole obstacle appeared to be the guarantee which Prussia demanded for the integrity of Poland, which was, in fact, a guarantee that her own protectorate over it should be respected. But the true *mot de l'énigme* was to be found in the paralyzing poverty and vacillation of the French court. In the matter of the guarantee, France was faithful to the shortsighted selfishness of her ancient policy. Poland should not be Russian, but she would risk nothing in order that she might remain Polish.

The last negotiations were cut short by the thunder of the fall of the Bastille, which struck terror even in the Russian court ; while "Frenchmen, Russians, Danes, Germans, English, and Dutch embraced and congratulated each other in the streets of St. Petersburg, as if freed from a heavy chain."

After all, it was this and all that it portended, and not the formation of a coalition against the Turk, which was to signalize the triumph of "philosophy."

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THE DEAN OF KILLERINE.

BY THE ABBE PREVOST.

1765.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

PART ELEVENTH.

I ARGUED long with Count S—— to persuade him that he ought to take upon himself the duties of head of our family in the absence of Lord Tenermill, and not only reason with the wife of Patrick on the impropriety of her course of life in the absence of her husband, but take such steps as might force her to give up her acquaintance with Madame d'Avila and return to the country.

He asked a delay of a few days to gain further information. What he heard confirmed all I had said to him and far more, since he told me he had discovered (by what means I do not know) that my lady had made great inroads into her large fortune. We knew her to be generous, and we could not but suppose she had been induced to squander it on the unworthy people into whose hands she had fallen.

Then the count told me how he intended to proceed. He had received the day before a letter from Patrick, who, supposing his wife to be still living in the country, implored him to watch over her health, and to visit her, notwithstanding the unhappy domestic dissensions in our family. He complained bitterly of receiving so few letters from her—alas! he would have had still more cause for complaint could he have known the reason.

"Patrick's letter," said the count, "has given me an opportunity of visiting my lady, and I think the situation so alarming that I shall not hesitate to do what I feel ought to be done."

He chose the next day for his visit. A fatal day! He had not told me that he had found out the name of the gentleman who had been passed off on me as a music-master, and that he had had some sharp words with him. On entering my lady's house this man was the first person he saw there. Having already told him that his intimacy with

her ladyship would no longer be tolerated by her husband's family, he lost his temper when he saw him quietly emerging from my lady's boudoir. He went up to him, and in very plain terms forbade him ever again to set foot in that house, under pain of condign punishment. The man made no reply, but slunk away. This meeting greatly irritated the count, and he had not recovered himself when he entered the presence of the lady. With much less consideration for her feelings than he had intended, he reproached her for her way of life, and for having such people about her. He asked her if she had no regard for what the world would say of her, or for the good opinion of her husband's family, and her husband. In short, he spared nothing to rouse her fears, and ended by telling her that in the absence of Lord Tenermill he gave her the choice of two things. She must either go back at once to the country and remain there in retirement till her husband's return, or she must go back to the convent.

Her ladyship had not gone so far away from right as to be hardened or insensible. She broke down at once, overwhelmed with shame and terror. She dreaded the disgrace that she was sure was about to fall on her, her errors assumed exaggerated proportions in her own eyes. At first she could not speak, then in a few faltering words she asked for some delay in which to make her choice.

The count agreed to this, but, fearing she might ask advice of Madame d'Avila, he told her that he was about to pay a visit to that lady and would return in two hours.

I was waiting for him not far from my lady's house, anxious to hear the result of the interview. As soon as he saw me he took me into his coach, and, embracing me, told me that he was happy to say everything seemed to have gone right; he had met with far less resistance than he expected.

He paid his visit to Madame d'Avila, to whose house, of course, I did not accompany him. What he said made no sort of impression upon her. She

only told him, laughing, that her ladyship had made more rapid progress in the ways of the world than she could have anticipated.

Afterwards I rejoined the count and we went together to my lady's. We were shown into the *salon*. The door of her boudoir was closed. The count told the servant we did not wish to be announced, and desired him to leave us. Then we knocked softly at the door. There was no answer. The count, raising his voice, said who we were. Then, in a weak voice her ladyship said something to her maid, who let us in.

She was sitting at a table, trying to write. She was pale as death, and so weak that she could hardly rise. We felt sure something terrible had happened. The count asked the maid why she did nothing for her mistress who appeared to be so ill.

The maid replied: "Ah, monsieur, she will not let me." The count then endeavored to make my lady tell him what had happened. She pushed him away with signs of great aversion. But at last she made up her mind to speak and to tell us, as she said, what she had tried to write to us.

"If you have brought the dean here," she began, "to triumph in my shame and humiliation, you will be disappointed. I care for nothing now. Yet I am glad you are both here to witness my last moments and to hear my last words. I acknowledge that I have been led astray by bad advice and bad example. I cannot now imagine how, loving and respecting my husband as I most truly do, I could have been tempted into a course of recklessness and frivolity, but I do not acknowledge that I have been as guilty as you suppose; and in this you must believe me."

Here the count endeavored to console and comfort her, telling her that no one but ourselves should ever know what had taken place, and that she might trust our secrecy as a point of honor. But it was too late. Excited by the count's reproaches and his threats, exaggerating even to herself

the wrongs that by extravagance and dissipation she had done her husband, she had fainted that morning when the count left her, and when she recovered consciousness had taken poison. She had several bottles of medicine she had inherited from her father, and knew that one of them contained a dangerous elixir.

As soon as we knew this our one thought was to send for help, but, before doctors could arrive, the count, looking into the medicine chest, from which she had taken the poison, found some antidotes which he forced her to swallow. We both implored her to live, assuring her that if she returned to such a life as would be pleasing to her husband, he should never know what had passed, and we would do everything we could to guard her secrets and her honor.

Her protestations of repentance were mingled with expressions of gratitude.

The doctors, when they came, thought that her life might be saved, and soon she so far recovered, that she was able to be lifted into the count's carriage, and we went with her to his château.

I stayed there several weeks, partly that I might comfort her and fortify her against any relapse into the ways of evil; and partly that I might make sure that Madame d'Avila did not come to see her.

She talked to me in a way that left no doubt of the sincerity of her repentance. She had naturally a taste for self-indulgence; she loved admiration; she had been very strictly brought up; and, when liberty was given her, she did not know how to make good use of it.

Though relieved from the immediate consequences of the poison, its effects were in her system, besides which, her nerves had received a shock from which they did not recover. She sank into a state of languor, and the doctors gave little hope of her recovery. They did all they could for her. I never left her. The count and countess were constantly at her side. At first she seemed alarmed at the sight of Rose, till I whispered to her that we had told

her nothing. But she continued to lament her faults, or, as she begged me to call them, "her misfortunes." She said many times that she did not care to live, nor did she wish to see her husband. She preferred to die while he was absent.

A woman so lovely, and so lovable, deserved a better fate.

We did not write to Patrick. We felt that if she died he might escape all knowledge of what it was better to conceal from him. And indeed he was so likely to get back to Paris at any moment, that we did not feel sure that our letters would reach him.

It was on the very day of his wife's death that we received a despatch, telling us that, unhappily, he would be detained longer in Spain. The king had sent him some other affairs to be attended to, and he could not return till they were settled.

Then I began to think that I would go to Spain and break the news of his wife's death to my loving, tender-hearted brother. He was not likely to hear anything about her from other sources; she had never been in society, she had not been presented at court, even at Saint Germain.

The day after her burial I asked permission of the king to make this journey. It was most kindly granted, but he desired me not to be long away, for that he expected to be soon recalled to his kingdoms. He wished me, he said, to be back by the beginning of winter, when he should know by the results of the campaign, what favors he might look for from Fortune. Alas! the invasion of Ireland, on which he based much hope, was a foolish enterprise, as was proved by its results. But in view of its success, he put off any attempt on my part to remove the treasure, of which I had the secret, till I could be aided by his soldiers in Ireland. Indeed, he felt so sure of the success of the invasion, that I think he hoped to assist in disinterring the treasure with his own hands.

It never took me long to prepare for a journey, and I resolved to set out the next day for Madrid, but something

that never would have entered my imagination threatened at the last moment to overthrow my plans.

We had not meant to tell Sara of our sister-in-law's death, but she heard it from the servants, and sent for me to come and see her as soon as I got back from Saint Germain. My astonishment was great when she not only began to speak of it, but of the reports circulated concerning her rival, and also of my journey, as if I had told her all about it; and then, at last, rising quickly from her chair, she cried: "Ah! my dear dean, do you think I would let you set off without me for Spain?" She went on to argue that if she were on the spot she could recapture the heart of Patrick, now that the woman who had taken it from her was out of the way.

In vain I assured her that such a journey was not possible; in vain I asked her if she thought that the first hours of a great grief would be a probable time for a renewal of love? She said perhaps not. But if she were only in Madrid she would await her opportunity.

I was embarrassed beyond measure. To take her was impossible, but all I could say to her was spoken in vain. At last I told her she must consult the count and countess. I would be guided by what they said.

Great was Sara's grief when she found that they were as much opposed to her wild scheme as I was. At first she declared that if I would not take her she would go to Spain without me. But at last some remarks of the countess on the impropriety of an unmarried woman (as she must now consider herself) starting in pursuit of any man, had its effect on her, and Sara gave up her project, imploring me, however, to plead her cause with Patrick, and turn his thoughts to one who had never repaid his cruelty with anything but love.

At last I started, taking only one servant, and, making all speed, soon reached Madrid. Patrick received me with open arms and open heart. He seemed once more the brother I had

loved in early days. But the eagerness with which he asked me for news of his wife, made me at once sensible of all the difficulties in my undertaking. He complained of the long intervals between her letters. He asked a hundred questions about her health, what she did, whom she saw, and if she still loved him. I answered these questions vaguely. I began to talk about my journey to Madrid, explaining that I was prompted not only by my desire to see him, but by a wish to travel. I decided that evening that, on the whole, I had better wait till he had finished the king's business, and we were on the road returning to France. Meanwhile, I made his servants tell me what was their master's way of life, what were his habits, and what houses he frequented.

They told me that he saw a great deal of a lady who was a widow. Her house was always open to foreigners, and he passed a good deal of his time there. May Heaven forgive me! I fear that, in spite of my strict principles, I was glad of this. If Patrick were taking a fancy to any other woman he might the better endure his loss, and I determined to discover more about this charming lady.

Having asked the names of several persons likely to furnish me with information, I proceeded to make the acquaintance of a Spanish gentleman who often visited the lady's house, and who, as he spoke French, was particularly accessible to foreigners. I thought him probably one of her fast friends, but to my surprise he described her as an accomplished coquette, who had a crowd of admirers, and was thoroughly deceitful. He owned that he himself had been in love with her, but, on discovering her deceptive character, had given her up. He went to her house only because he there met pleasant society.

When he found that Patrick was my brother, he said he had no doubt he was in love with this lady, since with her he passed much of his time, and at any rate he was certain that she spared no pains to make a conquest of him.

The Spanish gentleman promised to present me to this Dona Figuerrez the next evening. I accepted his offer, but when I mentioned the engagement to Patrick he said: "You will see a lady of great merit. But I can present you to her better than any one."

Full of the idea that the affair stood as I supposed, I was presented accordingly to Dona Figuerrez, who received me with great cordiality and politeness. As I was watching her behavior to Patrick, the Spanish gentleman came up to me, and, in a spirit of spitefulness, told me many particulars of her life and adventures, ending by saying: "You see the attentions that she is paying to your brother. You had better warn him. You cannot do so too soon."

That evening, when we were alone together, Patrick said:—

"I am glad you have seen Dona Figuerrez; you cannot have failed to find in her a very superior woman, and now I want to tell you what takes me so often to her house, and why I like to see her."

Then he told me he had made her acquaintance through letters from the Spanish ambassador in Paris. He had liked her so much that he had confided to her some of the particulars of his marriage, and told her how anxious he was made by the receipt of little news from home. Dona Figuerrez told him that she thought she could get news of his wife through her uncle, the ambassador, and would write to him accordingly. It was a strange proceeding for a man who had a brother and a sister in Paris, but we were separated from her ladyship by reason of Sara Fincer.

The ambassador reported that the lady was living in luxury, was very beautiful and very charming; he had made her acquaintance; she was enjoying life in Paris, and was surrounded by adorers.

Dona Figuerrez did not read all her letter to Patrick, but what she did read alarmed and excited him so much that she made haste to repair the damage she had done, and having easily found out what he would prefer to know,

made her reports accordingly ; so that he persuaded himself that the ambassador in the first letter he wrote had been mistaken in the lady.

"You may blame me," Patrick said, "for trying to hear of my wife through a stranger, but I have been distracted with anxiety in the absence of direct news. Now that I receive these reports I am able to reconcile myself to my stay in Spain, where fresh business of the king's is likely to keep me some time longer. I feel thankful to Dona Figuerrez for this relief. Her society, in some measure, supplies the place of all I have left behind me in France."

It may easily be imagined that I was embarrassed by this discourse, which supposed my sister-in-law to be still living. The simple trustfulness of my brother frightened me ; and I was indignant beyond measure to think of the way in which Dona Figuerrez and her uncle, the ambassador, were deceiving him for their own purposes, for of course there must have been a motive in the deception. Reflecting, however, on the great importance of discovering their designs, I affected to enter into Patrick's views, deciding not to disturb his confidence till I was further enlightened.

I decided to make a confidant of the Spanish gentleman, who, I could see, had a certain spite against the lady he had once loved. I told him all, adding that I could not but suspect Dona Figuerrez of carrying on some gross imposture. He grew much excited as I went on with my narrative, and was eager to unravel the plot.

The first thing to be done, he said, was to secure the ambassador's letters. He knew where she kept her correspondence, and was certain he could get hold of them. Accordingly, the next day he sent for me to his house, and, as I entered, held out a casket.

I confess I felt unwilling to profit by a dishonorable action. I reproached him a little for having stolen the letters, and made him promise not only to put them back as soon as we had examined them, but never to reveal any secrets they contained.

I found in the first that the ambassador owned to having conceived a violent passion for my brother's wife, and that Dona Figuerrez had confessed to him that she was in love with my brother. His first letter, which, in the parts read to Patrick, had told of her ladyship's gay life in Paris, had given so much concern to her husband that Dona Figuerrez had implored her uncle to write only such accounts as might be shown to my brother, otherwise his anxiety would be so great that he might leave Spain at once, without concern for his diplomatic mission. The ambassador, nothing loath, had complied with her instructions. I was thankful, while discovering him to be one of those who had conspired against my brother's honor and his wife's virtue, to find that he always spoke as if his assiduities had failed to make much progress for him in her favor. This corroborated what she herself had told me, and made me believe that it was simply a rash thirst for gaiety which had led her into ways of dissipation. But I could not bear to think of Patrick in the hands of these Spanish intriguers, and I debated within myself what could be done to deliver him from them.

After reading the letters of the ambassador to his niece, I entreated the Spanish gentleman to put back into the casket all the letters that did not bear on the affairs of Patrick, and thanked him for the service he had rendered me. My next thought was what to do with the letters I retained.

The last letter received by Dona Figuerrez, the day before I reached Madrid, told of the death of my sister-in-law. But Dona Figuerrez had not mentioned it to Patrick any more than I had done. I resolved to see her as soon as I could, and to get to the bottom of the mystery. It came to pass, however, that she was as impatient to see me as I was to see her, and for the same reason. She perceived that I had not told my brother of his wife's death, and, in order to find out why I had been silent, she sent me a note, which I received as I returned home

after examining her correspondence with the ambassador. It requested me to call on her. I did so at once. She received me very sweetly. I remembered Madame d'Avila, and stood upon my guard. She asked me frankly why I had not told my brother of his loss, saying that for her part, though she had had news of her ladyship's death, she could not bear to be the one to tell him tidings that would afflict him. She owned that she felt a tender regard for my brother, which made her hesitate. She knew from all he told her how passionately he loved his wife, and she would gladly have been able to inspire him with a little love for herself before she broke the news to him.

I remained silent at first, not knowing how to answer her. At last I said that if her purpose was to make my brother love her, I thought she did wrong to withhold the cruel news. I added that so long as my brother believed his wife to be still living, I could do nothing to turn his affections or his thoughts to any other woman. "But why," I asked, "do you wish to put off the communication? Is it not probable that my brother, turning to you for consolation, may find the gratitude he feels for you becoming a warmer feeling?"

Perhaps what I said to her was not sincere; but I knew her to be a deceitful woman, and I thought myself justified in any artifice that would induce her to take upon herself the task I dreaded.

For several days I did not go near her. Patrick, I could see, was much perturbed, whence I concluded that she had been at least approaching the subject of his wife's death, and I was surprised he did not mention to me anything concerning it. At last one day he rushed into my apartment. His air and manner were those of a madman. He flung himself into an arm-chair, and remained for some time without being able to utter a word. At last he spoke, but it was only to upbraid Heaven with the cruelty of his fate. He did not look at me, nor address me. I spoke first. "What ails

you?" I said. "What terrible thing has happened to you?"

"You would never imagine what it is that has so moved me," he answered, with increasing rage. "If you only knew with what horrors it has been attempted to poison my mind, you would detest human malignity, which singles for its mark the purest, the most virtuous! Listen, and judge by what I tell you of the reward innocence and honor are likely to receive in this world!" Then, after much more of the same kind, he told me that Dona Figuerrez, after having prepared him for some days to expect news that might surprise and pain him, had told him things about his wife which he knew to be the blackest slanders. He would not even tell me what they were. Dona Figuerrez had dared to think he would believe them. Dona Figuerrez, — whom he had always thought his friend, — whom he had believed to be a woman with a tender heart, — endowed with every virtue. He had given her at least credit for having been herself deceived by false news from Paris, and when he had indignantly protested against such unfounded slanders, she told him she could prove them by many letters from the ambassador, her uncle. "Then," he exclaimed, "what do you suppose happened? I begged to see the letters, and Dona Figuerrez, after resisting for some time decided to show them to me. She went, as she said, in search of them. She came back after some time in apparent anxiety and distress, saying that the letters had been taken from the casket where she kept them. The deception was too gross to be believed. I flung away from her. Thank Heaven that I did not overwhelm her with abuse and reproaches; but I swore that I would never see her again."

He paused here, but went on, looking at me like one in utter misery. "What can have been the object of this woman? Why should she want to destroy my wife's reputation? Did she invent the dreadful thing she told me? Could they have reached her

through the ambassador? Ah!—if I thought Sara Fincer could have been guilty of such cowardly revenge—”

Here I interrupted him. I could not bear to hear Sara Fincer's unsullied name mixed up with all these horrors, and I told him that he ought to be ashamed of such a suspicion.

Of course I was at no loss to understand his story. I had the last letter of the ambassador in my possession. My silence, as I listened, seemed to strike Patrick as strange. I had not said a word till he named Sara Fincer. Doubts seemed to be creeping into his mind, and he was apparently waiting to hear what I would say.

What could I say? I had never meant to tell him all the odious stories that I knew concerning his wife's recklessness and frivolity. I was trying to find some way of repairing the indiscretion of which Dona Figuerrez had been guilty. I asked myself had I not better take advantage of the opportunity thus given me to tell Patrick at least that his wife was dead? But I kept silence. One motive being that I thought I owed something to Dona Figuerrez, and that I had better return her letters before I entered into any explanation with my brother.

I contrived that the letters should be replaced without drawing on myself any suspicion. And, as I had foreseen, no sooner did Dona Figuerrez find them in her own hands again, than she sent word to Patrick that she wished to see him.

He hesitated whether he should obey her summons, and spoke to me rather scornfully of her persistency in persevering in self-defence, which he began to attribute to a latent tenderness for himself.

His visit was short. He came back more cast down than I had yet seen him. Nevertheless he was fully resolved to believe nothing, and told me, with a forced smile, that he had just seen a masterpiece of malice and deception.

“I have read the letters,” he said, “which really contain a part of what she told me. But of course Dona

Figuerrez has composed them since yesterday.”

I own that his mistaken confidence in his wife more and more embarrassed me. I only nodded my head. “But you will hardly believe me,” he said, “when I tell you that, as a finishing touch to all her other slanders and deceptions, she told me that my wife is dead. I told her it was easy to refute that story, because you had just come from France, and would have told me; whereupon she said that you knew it just as well as she did, and could convince me that in everything she was telling the truth. This was too much. I left her without another word.

Though he made believe to be smiling and confident, I could see that he was terribly anxious. I needed all my power of self-control while he spoke not to allow my face to show my feelings.

When he ended, all I said was to remark on the probable motives of Dona Figuerrez, which I had attributed to a fancy she had conceived for himself. He confessed that he thought it was more her head than her heart that had gone wrong. She must be out of her mind.

Some may wonder why I did not embrace the opportunity thus given me of telling Patrick of his wife's death. But I was deterred by several motives. I did not wish him to know all that had passed between myself and Dona Figuerrez; the whole thing took me by surprise; I was bewildered by the perfect confidence he placed in his wife's conduct, and besides, I feared that what I told him might hinder his completing his mission to Spain to our royal master's satisfaction. The more I thought, the more I felt that it would be better to tell him when we should be on our way to France.

He broke off all intercourse with Dona Figuerrez, and four weeks later proposed to me to go with him to visit places of interest in the environs of Madrid. I willingly consented, but before we left I thought I ought to pay a visit to the Spanish lady. Dona Figuerrez was dumb with astonish-

ment when I informed her that all she had told my brother had produced not the slightest effect upon him. "And why did not you confirm what I said?" she cried. I answered that for several reasons, which I had rather not give her, I had judged it best to be silent. She grew angry, and told me she should find means to let my brother know that it had been I, not she, who had deceived him. This gave me a new subject of anxiety, added to which I perceived plainly that she was really in love with Patrick, as much as a woman such as the Spanish gentleman had described her, was able to be.

The king's orders still detained Patrick in Spain, but everything had been brought by his zeal to a successful issue, only he was forced to wait upon the good pleasure of the Spanish ministers, who had appointed a day when they were to deliver to him the reply of their king. I did my best, for fear of Dona Figuerrez, to make our journey last until the day fixed for the conclusion of the affair, when we went back to Madrid, and the very next morning set out for Paris.

I suppose that during those weeks we were both continually thinking of the same subject. But we never spoke of it. We talked of Spain, of its government, its resources, and so forth. Only to Heaven could I open my heart, and pray for assistance when I should make the communication I should be obliged to make to my unhappy brother.

We travelled on. We crossed the Pyrenees, we were beyond the Spanish frontier. Time was pressing, and my task was not even begun. We reached, one night, a miserable post-house in a little village. Then our conversation chanced to take a philosophical turn. I interrupted Patrick in the middle of a sage reflection, by saying, with a deep sigh: "Stop, my dear brother. Answer with all frankness a question I am about to put to you. Do you *feel* all you have just expressed? Are you able to meet grief with such high maxims of philosophy?" He seemed surprised at my question, but answered: "I do not

know that I could always rise to that height, for there have been many occasions when my firmness has forsaken me; but just now, inspired by what we have been saying, I think there are few trials that I could not bear with patience and resignation."

"Well then, dear Patrick," I said, "this may be the best moment to put to the test your strength of mind. I have been hiding something from you with great regret, and Heaven will bear me witness that all my delays, and all the steps I have taken, have been prompted by the tender love I bear you. But you must soon know it from others, if not from me. Your wife is dead. You lost her some months ago, and if it is any consolation to you that she was not as worthy of your love as you have thought, I confirm in part the revelations made to you by Dona Figuerrez."

I would have gone on had I not been struck with terror by the effect of my words. Gentle and kindly as Patrick was by nature, he now became mad with rage. He lost all command over himself for a moment, and put his hand on the hilt of his sword as if he would have killed himself. But by Heaven's grace he thought better of it, and his hand fell to his side. He flung himself upon a chair, raising his eyes and arms to heaven, and remained thus a long time. I went up to him. He motioned me away with one hand, and covered his eyes with the other. He looked like a criminal overwhelmed with remorse, but he was stricken for the faults of another.

At first I did not speak to him. I sat in silence, waiting the time when my maxims and consolations might do him service, and he might see that if I had caused him cruel pain, I was at least a sharer in his sufferings. I expected him to break out into reproaches; but after a quarter of an hour he rose, still shading his face with his hands, and making a sign to his *valet de chambre*, whom I had called into the room, he went out to find the place where he was to spend the night. As he passed me he made me a cere-

monious bow, and gave me the same sign that he had done before that I was not to follow him.

I ordered his servants to leave him as much as possible to himself, and then went to my chamber. Can I describe the bitterness of heart with which I closed the door of that poor room? What prayers I addressed to Heaven! "Oh, Patrick!" I cried; "Oh, brother worthy of a happier fate! you might have found comfort in my sympathy if you would have heard me. There might have been consolation in knowing how my heart bleeds for you!"

I spent the night kneeling beside my bed, groaning and sighing as I murmured my prayers. Many times I felt an impulse to go to my brother, and offer him, whether he would or not, all the consolation in my power. But I knew of old that in trouble he loved solitude, and thought my presence might renew his sorrows; so I waited until morning, when I hoped he would see me.

Alas, no! When I went early to his door his *valet de chambre* told me that he wished positively to be alone, and that I was no exception to the order to let no one into his room.

I asked how he had passed the night. I was told quietly. His sobs and sighs were the only noise that had been heard. In the evening his valet told me that he was in a high fever; that his hands were so hot that he could hardly bear to touch them.

Again I tried to see him. He sent me a message that he did not doubt I felt for him, and that he was grateful; but he wished to be alone until he could compose himself. He would only leave his room dead or resigned. Unhappy as I was, I could not but smile at this; but I gave up all attempts to see him. I left him to the care of his valet, and committed him to the mercy of God.

We had passed a day and two nights in that wretched place when, having gone out to take a little air, I perceived a post-chaise attended by servants on horseback, which showed that the traveller was a person of importance.

Curiosity made me wait till the coach drew near when, to my amazement, I was hailed by Dona Figuerrez, who showed great joy at seeing me, and at once stopped her postillions.

Though my first thought was that this was a fresh misfortune, I could not but receive her with the politeness due to her sex. She asked me at once if my brother was with me. I told her he had fallen ill at this village, and was now in his bed; and then, feeling that I had wronged her by not confirming the truth of what she said when my brother was so incensed against her, and hoping that, though he refused to see me, he might not be inaccessible to her, I invited her to descend, and to stay awhile at that poor inn.

"Oh, Heaven!" she cried, "my journey ends here, since I have overtaken you." She got out of her carriage and embraced me with effusion, after which she reproached me for the way I had treated her, and told me that, since we had left Madrid without saying good-bye to our old friends, she had set out after us. I then owned that if I had wronged her in Madrid I had repaired my fault by having told my brother everything. "What an effect it has had on him," I said, "you may judge if he permits you to see him."

She wished to go to him at once, but I restrained her impatience, telling her that he had refused to see me for two days. She told me, as we went together into the inn, that while her desire to follow us was the real motive for her journey, that she had given out her desire to accept an invitation given her some time since by her uncle the ambassador to join him in Paris and do the honors of his embassy.

On entering the inn I sent Patrick word that Dona Figuerrez had arrived, and wished to see him. This seemed to rouse him. Not only did he feel that he had treated her with great injustice, but he was grateful for the care she had taken to prepare him to receive her fatal news. He sent her a kind and grateful message through his *valet de chambre*, but excused himself from seeing her.

She was not at all repelled by this. "Well then, my dear dean," she said, "we must wait till he gets better, and must comfort ourselves by thinking that he knows we are near him."

I knew, however, that Patrick, as soon as he could leave his bed, would be forced to travel, as he had papers with him to be delivered at once to the king. I told his valet to remind him of this; but it seemed to produce no effect upon him.

I was meditating how I might rouse him from his lethargy, when Dona Figuerrez, with more tact or less timidity than I had, managed to get into his chamber. By her former familiarity with him in Madrid, and by her insinuating ways, she contrived to establish herself in his room. She told me, when we next met, what had passed between them. He had humbly begged her to forgive him for having disbelieved her in Madrid. He spoke as if he could not live long and support his misfortune, and he begged her to inform me of something he shrank from telling me himself. "The sight of the dean," he said, "is more than I can bear. I do not doubt that he exults over the unhappy issue of my marriage. And when he should have watched over my wife why did he not do all in his power to prevent the conduct which you have described to me. *He!* who is a censor by nature and profession! *He!* who all his life has done nothing but annoy his family by exhortations to morality! *He,* to have suffered the woman whom I loved to go on without guidance or remonstrance! I am not saying this for you alone; I wish you to repeat it to him word for word. And tell him," he added, "that though I do not feel the courage to reproach him to his face for all the evil he has brought on me, that I can never forgive him. And as I am under an obligation to carry these papers to the king—a treaty made in his name with the court of Spain—ask him to take my place and carry them to Saint Germain. It will rid me of his presence, and leave me at liberty to hide myself and my sorrows from the eyes of men."

Dona Figuerrez, flattered by his confidence, and feeling, no doubt, that if I were out of the way there would be a better chance to carry out her designs on Patrick's heart, delivered the message with all the politeness that perhaps she hoped might soften its humiliating parts; and she added that she should stay with my brother till he got well, for, not deeming herself unworthy to be the wife of a good man, she hoped that my brother, recognizing her care and her devotion, might one day honor her by making her his spouse.

I was less struck, I confess, by the injustice of Patrick to myself than by the undisguised boldness of this woman. What right had she to prescribe my conduct and regulate the affairs of my family? Patrick had been her friend; for four months in Madrid he had seen her daily, but could she make sure that he cared for her in a way that authorized her to take upon herself the regulation of his affairs? And what possible right had she to give me orders?

It may be that I was a little jealous. It did seem hard that Patrick should give the confidence denied to me to a stranger. So I determined not to set out for Saint Germain with the treaty, telling Dona Figuerrez that nothing would induce me to leave my brother during his illness, and that I should wrong him by taking on myself a commission which the king had entrusted to him.

I dare say Dona Figuerrez reported to Patrick how exactly she had delivered his message. The rest of the day passed quietly. I spent it in reflecting on the poor reward all my zeal and care for my family had brought me; from my brothers I had received nothing but rebuffs and humiliations.

About the middle of the night, while the bitterness of my heart kept me from sleep, I heard a noise of carriage wheels, and presumed it was some late traveller. I did not look out, and by and by I fell asleep. But when I awoke, Joe, my old servant, stood by my bed, and told me that Patrick and all his servants had left the inn in the

night, and that a letter for me had been given to him,—Joe,—as soon as he got out of bed.

I opened it with great anxiety. In a few lines Patrick said, that not being able to bear the world, my presence, or his own thoughts, he was going to hide himself in some solitude, where he might hold no communication with other men. There, he added, mute spirits only would surround him,—spirits without words wherewith to wrong him. He left behind him a small box containing papers, which he begged me to read carefully, then carry the Spanish treaty that was among them to the king, and give him the full information I would have gathered on the subject. This would prove that he had to the utmost fulfilled his duty, and he begged me to assure his Majesty of his gratitude for all the kindness he had shown him.

I did not for a moment doubt that Dona Figuerrez had left the inn with Patrick, and this thought increased my grief, till Joe, perceiving what was in my heart, told me that Dona Figuerrez was still fast asleep, and probably knew nothing of my brother's departure. This raised my courage, and gave me hopes of being useful to Patrick in spite of himself. I ordered horses to be put to my light carriage. I resolved to be off before Dona Figuerrez should be awake, and to follow Patrick so closely that he could not escape me.

My orders were executed. I drove away from the inn before Dona Figuerrez was called, and as a last little bit of revenge, I left a message for her with one of her servants, making my excuses for not taking leave of her, as I was unwilling to disturb her slumbers. I took care also to make sure that there were no horses left in the post-house, by which she could follow us till ours returned.

I hurried after Patrick, following the highroad to Paris, where there were always relays of post-horses. I got as far as Orleans, asking news of him along the route, but at Orleans I lost trace of him. They told me at the post-house that he had arrived three

or four hours before; that he had left his carriage and part of his effects in charge of the post-master, and had then walked out, attended by his three servants.

On hearing this I decided to seek for him in Orleans or its neighborhood. Some hours after I found out that he had hired a boat, and embarked in it with one servant. He had paid off the two others, not saying where he was going, nor how long he expected to be gone. These particulars I should not be able to find out till after the return of the boatman.

New difficulties! Fresh troubles!

I had to wait two days before these men returned. But at last I heard from them that they had taken my brother to a Benedictine convent, a few leagues from Orleans, on the banks of the Loire.

"Alas!" I said to myself, "he has resolved to renounce the world. This is no time to make such a resolution. It should never be taken under the excitement of a great sorrow. God's grace never upholds a man in a sudden, violent, ill-considered resolution of self-sacrifice." And I made haste to set out with the same boatmen for the Benedictine convent in which Patrick had taken refuge.

From The Quarterly Review.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRDS AND BEASTS.¹

DR. JOHNSON, when passing judgment upon Shakespeare, laid a trap for succeeding "critics and editors" into which many of the profession have punctually fallen. "Shakespeare," said he, "is, above all writers, the poet of nature." Three times he says this. And again, "Nor was Shakespeare's attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarities,

¹ 1. Natural History of Insects mentioned in Shakespeare's Plays. By R. Patterson. London, 1842.

² 2. The Ornithology of Shakespeare. By J. E. Harting. London, 1892.

³ 3. The Henry Irving Shakespeare. London, 1890.

gathered by contemplating things as they really exist." Finally he quotes with complete approval Dryden's saying, that Shakespeare "needed not the spectacles of books to read nature."

This phrase of Johnson's has been passed on by pen to pen, and in time his "nature" has come to be written "Nature," and his words to mean that Shakespeare was a born naturalist. Now Johnson never meant anything of the kind; at any rate he never said it; but that delusive sentence, "Nor was Shakespeare's attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world," sounds so much as if he had, that it has more than once been the text upon which editors and critics have discoursed of Shakespeare's knowledge of the animal world, and the author of the "Entomology of Shakespeare" has actually made it the basis of his enthusiastic but worthless volume. The context of Johnson's words and of Dryden's have not circulated with the phrases that we quote, but there should be read after the first, "for he holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and life," and after the second, "for he looked inwards and found her there." By "nature" both Johnson and Dryden meant "human nature," and the word was written without a capital. In the other sentence it should be noted that Johnson says, "inanimate," and, failing to note this, critics and editors have one after the other quoted the great doctor as vouching for the accuracy of Shakespeare's descriptions of animated nature.

That he did not do so is a striking proof of Johnson's perspicacity. He brings together, without the intervening link of the animal world, "human nature" and "inanimate" nature, deceiving, perhaps, in the unexpected transition, the reader's mind, but thus displaying side by side the two aspects in which the genius of Shakespeare is most triumphantly asserted. As to the poet's "natural history" he said nothing; a self-restraint so remarkable in Dr. Johnson, who seldom indulged himself in the reservation of his opin-

ion, that critics of Shakespeare's animated nature should take special note of it. The words "survey" and "contemplate" are extremely happy when applied to inanimate objects, as distinct from that "observation" of living creatures which so many enthusiasts, thinking they have the doctor behind them, have insisted upon reading into Shakespeare. A poet can survey and contemplate the phenomena of the skies and the air, and give his "attention to the actions of men," without any of that particular form of "love of nature," as it is called, that leads him to observe "the manners and life" of animals; and Johnson, being aware, probably from his own knowledge of himself, of the vast difference between the two processes, designedly said nothing about Shakespeare's beasts or birds. Who was more competent than the author of the "Vanity of Human Wishes" to recognize the sublimity of Shakespeare's study of mankind, or who more becomingly diffident of passing judgment upon another poet's natural history than he, who was himself so chary of venturing upon it? So that those who have come forward thus light-heartedly, bucklered and greaved, as they thought, with a misquotation from Johnson, have, after all, been fighting on the wrong side; and though no consciousness of incompetence led them to withhold their opinion, they might at any rate have studied Shakespeare's text before they endowed him with accomplishments, which he nowhere claims, but even seems consistently to deprecate.

Chaucer wrote of what he saw and heard in the animal life about him with a sense of personal delight that convinces the reader of his familiarity with animate nature. So, too, with Spenser. Though the scholar in him was often led aside by classical precedent, we are certain that his swans were real swans upon the Thames, and "the culvers on the bared boughs" actually upon trees in the poet's sight. Ben Jonson, again, was beyond any doubt very fond of nature, and singularly well-informed; had he finished his "Sad Shepherd,"

we should have possessed a most valuable and delightful document on the outdoor life of his time, for the fragment that we have is instinct with authentic observation and a fine fidelity to truth. Marlowe is quite different, preferring the bizarre and outlandish in natural history—the flying-fishes, remoras, and torpedoes of Pliny—to the more moderate fauna of his own neighborhood. Shakespeare resembles none of them. He borrows from Gower and Chaucer and Spenser; from Drayton and Du Bartas and Lyly and William Browne; from Pliny, Ovid, Virgil, and the Bible; borrows, in fact, everywhere he can, but with a symmetry that makes his natural history harmonious as a whole, and a judgment that keeps it always moderate and possible. But, with the exception of his treatment of the victims of the chase—an exception well worth the notice of those who claim him as an enthusiastic “sportsman”—he is seldom so personally sympathetic as to convince us of his sincerity; indeed, so very seldom, that the beautiful line about Clifford’s dead horse—“the bonny beast he loved so well”—comes upon the student of the spirit of his natural history with a positive shock. But though he borrows so miscellaneously, he compresses all his details within strongly drawn outlines—too often, unfortunately, those of classical myths—and leaves nothing ragged at the edges. We can depend upon all his animals being consistent, doing the same and being the same whenever we meet them. Exquisite as his interpretations often are, a single epithet would cover all his nightingales, two apiece would suffice for his doves and larks, while the wolf, owl, and raven might almost all hide together under one. His lion is the chivalrous lion of Pliny and of romance; his tiger is Hyrcanian; and so on. In a word, his natural history is commonplace when it is correct, and “Elizabethan” when it is wrong; but the manner of it is so beautiful, incomparably beautiful, that the matter borrows a beauty from it.

Indeed, if it were not for the mo-

mentous effect that Shakespeare’s handling of animated nature has had on all succeeding poetry, and for the noisy championship of those who have misrepresented him with such industry that we are in danger of losing sight of the real man in the pretended scientist, this aspect of Shakespeare’s intellect might have been left, as Dr. Johnson left it, to silent and respectful acquiescence. As it is, poetry has sung of nature on Shakespeare’s lines with an extraordinary fidelity. A hundred poets say hardly more than one, each repeating after the other the prejudices of antiquity, the misreadings of Holy Writ, the absurdities of mediæval heraldry, and a folklore that was ancient before Chaucer. Because, in the mists of a remote past, a poet said a vulture gnawed Prometheus’s liver, the vulture has been gnawing livers ever since; the lion, “for such is the royal disposition of the beast,” scorns to hurt the weak, and generously seeks out an equal or superior foe; the toad, but for the jewel in its head, remains utterly abominable and venomous; the “fiendish” owl and “fatal” raven exult over man’s disasters; the ostrich is still “formed of God without a parent’s mind;” the female nightingale, leaving her eggs to addle, sings all night long about having had her tongue cut out; and so on, with the “death-divining” swan, the “chaste” turtle, the blind mole, and wicked bat, the bear with unlicked cubs, and ass fortunate in having so thick a skin to bear predestined cudgelling, and most of the rest of the poets’ fauna. The nineteenth century, of course, marked a considerable departure from Elizabethan modes, but even within it the beasts and birds about us continued to be made ridiculous or abominable in the very phrases that Shakespeare made his own. Nor is it only the individuals which he misrepresented that continued to suffer, but whole groups of creatures. Thus the birds of prey, though so beautiful in plumage, so admirable in courage, so useful to man, fare very ill; and reptiles, a term that in poetry is co-extensive with an ordinary school-

girl's list of "horrid things" and includes the spider and the snail, fare worse. The monkey-folk, poor animals! are loaded with all the vices of humanity, and then abused for their "postulatory resemblance" to man.

Nor is it in their direct reproach of many creatures that poets are alone to blame; for their neglect of many others deserving of their notice is quite as conspicuous. Outside of falconry, what mention do we find of the peregrine, the kestrel, or the merlin?—three beautiful creatures whose very names are poems. Or take our sea-fowl; how rare is the mention of a name, and yet what force a petrel, a fulmar, or an albatross gives to a line! Or take foreign birds; why are there no humming-birds in poetry, no orioles, no birds of paradise? They were well enough known more than two hundred years ago. Why should poets be content to work always with the pelican and the ostrich? There are many others of singular beauty, which afford, if the poets are in search of them, quite as convincing "morals" as "the silliest of the feathered kind, the steel-devouring estridge," and the "life-rendering pellicon." Or turn to the beasts; the poets refuse to sympathize with the carnivora, or to acknowledge their place in nature; they are symbolical only of a purposeless or indiscriminate ferocity. While the lion is so greatly belauded, they have nothing but hard words to throw at the tiger; and as for its congeners, the noble heptarchy of the cats, there is in two hundred poets scarcely a mention of them, except the leopard, a wicked beast. Or our British quadrupeds; what can we find in poetry about that beautiful beast the badger, which is in itself a woodland poem, or the wild cat, or the pine-marten, perhaps not yet extinct in Britain, or even of the fox, except for abusing it and killing it? As for the smaller animals, the weasel and stoat, the water-vole, the dormouse and harvest-mouse, the hedgehog or the squirrel, all the mention that they get would scarcely satisfy the dignity of a cockatrice, or suffice for

the night-raven. Lovers of nature who have not rummaged our poets will be surprised to hear that there is hardly a kingfisher or a woodpecker in all their poems, hardly a dragon-fly or a recognizable moth. Who will find quotations about the osprey, the heron, the curlew, the bittern, the corncrake, or the night-jar, that will fill a page of this review? And our little birds of song—that really make that woodland melody which poets so admire, and which they divide between the nightingale and the thrush—what can we find about them all put together, the bullfinch and goldfinch, the warblers, the woodlark, and the rest, that amounts to the praises bestowed on the death-song of the swan? Now why is this procedure so persistent, so stereotyped? Because each poet went for much of his "nature" to his predecessors, and all—to Shakespeare.

This poetical procedure of neglecting four-fifths of animated nature and ill-treating four-fifths of the remainder, can of course be apologized for by the privilege of poetical license. In that case the license is simply the privilege of being unsympathetic, which is unbecoming in poets, so that the procedure of misrepresentation and neglect stands formally judged and condemned by the apologists themselves. Or it may be contended that it is unfair to expect all poets to be zoologists. Certainly, just as it would be preposterous to expect them to "observe" birds and beasts from the taxidermist's or poulterer's point of view. And cases are to hand of too much science spoiling the poetry, as in Darwin, or Drayton, or Montgomery. On the other hand, if we examine, say, Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Keats, or Shelley, we find that every sympathetic touch of real nature adds a vivid beauty to the line, just as in a score or two of seventeenth and eighteenth century poets we find their lines on nature are without life or charm because of their artificiality. Certainly there is no necessity for a poet to be a naturalist in order to be true to nature; but there is the most urgent necessity that he should be

in sympathy with nature and ready to acknowledge the good and beautiful, even if it should approach him in such questionable shape as "the deadly owle," or "a full-blown toad that venom spits." It were an absurd pretension that poets should study zoology before they begin to write; but it is surely the poetry that becomes absurd, when writers, because the bird of paradise, "being legless," slept upon the wing, go on to make it lay its eggs on the wing and hatch them; or when the porcupine, said to shoot its quills at its assailants, is made to "whet them" before attacking; or when they describe themselves as being enraptured at seeing an azure kingfisher feasting on amber berries, or at hearing seagulls "warbling" on the main, or as being shocked at beholding a cruel vulture "spring from the cliff upon the passing dove." And why should the goldfinch and the butterfly be perpetually twitted about their "gaiety," and the latter be so often ungenerously told that it is only a maggot masquerading, and be called a harlot? What sympathy is there with the beautiful in such whimsical treatment of lovely little creatures? Burns knew nothing of natural history, but he does not abuse the goshawk which he sees "drive on the wheeling hare," and he speaks of the field-mouse, no friend to him, with the utmost tenderness. This feeling, which he shares with all the "village" poets and some of the greatest, is the genuine universal sympathy, as distinguished from the spurious and occasional, of which Tompson is a notable exponent, and of which the great majority of poets stand in varying degrees convicted by their writings.

In many cases the treatment amounts to cruelty. What does the otter do that it should be so universally abused? It catches fish. What does the angler do that he should be so universally patted on the back? He catches fish. Now, can poets justify any distinction between the two, as affecting pitifulness for the fish? or, if they must make a distinction, why is it not in favor of the otter that kills from necessity,

instead of the angler who kills "for the fun of the thing"? Yet when the otter kills fish, the poets are up in arms for the poor fish; when the angler does the same, they sneer and giggle at the fish. But of course the otter eats what man wants to eat himself; so the otter is *anathema*. Or the fox. This truly charming little beast, which the rich encourage to live amongst their farmyards and to multiply for their sport, is habitually an object of detestation to poets. It is "ruthless," "gaunt," "noxious," "wicked," "false," "greedy," "stinking," "obscene," "vagrant," "scoundrel fox," "felon," "knave," "villain," "nightly robber," "abhorred alive, more loathsome still when dead"! Why should there be all this pother? Why? Because he has taken a chicken home to feed his cubs and their suckling mother. But chickens are the property of man. So the poet exults over the destruction of the fox, revels in its horrible death, and applauds the fox-hunters—as if they hunted the fox because they wished to kill it for eating chickens!—for their exploit. Why is the tiger, again, so utterly abominable for doing that which the lion does "by sovereignty of nature"? Their lives and objects are alike. Why should the vulture be persistently (and quite wrongfully) abused for that which in the eagle is no offence? All poets say most charming things about larks and doves and rabbits; but why, then, do they congratulate trained falcons when they "souse" them and tear them to pieces? Have fishes no claims whatever to a poet's sympathy? The student will have to search far to find any appreciable quantity. Are reptiles really such a disgrace to their Creator as poets say? Why should "insects" be "vermin"? The bee is magnified because it makes honey and wax—for man. The silkworm is always complimented upon its web. Wasps make no honey for man, they are altogether disreputable and vile. The spider spins silk only for itself; it is therefore a favorite simile for Satan.

Illustrations of these cruelties—

for really they are nothing less — could be multiplied, but without serving any purpose. The above are sufficient. And as against them, it is of little avail to quote an appreciative passage here and another there; for, whatever the exceptions may be, the student cannot fail to be struck by the overwhelming uniformity of the rule; by the surprising similarity of one poet's natural history to that of another; by the identical *data* upon which each works; by the coincidence of the groups and species of animals against which they are prejudiced, as also of those which they agree to neglect specially; by the unanimity of their cruelty towards certain animals in particular; by the resemblance of the language which they use regarding them. He will, in fact, find that the natural history in poetry is curiously limited, and that within those limits it is stereotyped and formulated. Moreover, as he goes along, he will become aware of the truly terrific force that Shakespeare has been in the guidance and development of English thought. As he proceeds, he will recognize at every turn the master's phrases, but not the voice. He will discover, one by one, why certain animals are so inexplicably neglected, others, with as little apparent reason, misrepresented; why the poets are sometimes so tender, at other times so cruel; and why, in spite of constantly recurring passages that are beautifully sympathetic, there should seem to vibrate all through the poets' treatment of animals a jarring string of insincerity and want of observation. The reason for it all is to be found in Shakespeare.

But why, it will be asked, if he borrowed his own natural history from others, is he to bear the blame of the faults of those who followed him? Why? Simply because he is Shakespeare. His colossal individuality has absorbed into itself all that had been said before him, and it is enough for those who have come after him that "Shakespeare said it." How common it is to hear it said in settlement of a point, "You will find it in Shake-

speare," as if there had never been anything before him, and as if the perspective of the past were closed with this one dazzling star, that sucked into itself all the light of all the firmament, and shone alone. Behind it, black darkness; before it, widening down the aisle of time, the search-light ray of Shakespeare's brilliance. "You will find it in Shakespeare." It does not matter that Shakespeare found it in William Browne. The centuries know nothing of William Browne; they are content to date from Shakespeare. So in tracing back the fancies of poets to him, we are justified in assuming that we have really come to their fountain-head. As a matter of fact, of course, we may have done nothing of the kind; but if we go farther back into the blackness behind his light, we come to obscure sources which it is improbable that many poets have gone to for inspiration; but if we stop at Shakespeare, we are certain that we are halting at a spring that every poet has visited, and, arriving there, has felt that he need go no farther. Like the subterranean traveller in search of Shesh, he knows he must have reached the centre of the earth when he comes to "the great diamond. That is all by itself."

Hitherto critics have not studied the animated nature of Shakespeare, or a book, a much needed one, would have been forthcoming; but they have taken it from one another, on the original assurance, possibly, of a misquotation from Johnson, that it was, like his inanimate nature, sublime. Yet nothing can be wider from the facts. The animated nature of Shakespeare is very indifferent. It is seldom brightened by any touches of personal observation, and rarely by any suggestion of personal sympathy. As compared with Shakespeare, Ben Jonson was a naturalist; as a lover of nature, both he and Chaucer rank before him. Yet by the incompetence of many critics to judge of his natural history—for instance, Pope and Theobald, and Dryden and Johnson—and by the complaisance of nearly all the rest, down to the editors

of the "Henry Irving" edition of the plays, Shakespeare, without any test or examination, but simply by the courtesy of reciprocatory indolence, has been reverentially bowed along from one to the other, unchallenged, as a past master in the craft. Being human, they were able to judge of "the attention he had given to the actions of men;" and they acknowledged it sublime. The "phenomena of inanimate nature" fall also within the "contemplation" and "survey" of any man with eyes, and here again they were competent to recognize Shakespeare as incomparable. But when it came to the "observation" of animated nature, they felt that they were on strange ground. They could not examine the candidate on the subject, for they had never "observed" beasts and birds themselves; but seeing that he had already been accorded two "firsts," they at a venture, gave him a third. And thus, upon mere assumption, it has come to be accepted as facts beyond dispute, that Shakespeare was singularly exact in his natural history, and that his knowledge was the result of personal observation.

Those who hold this view support it sometimes by appealing to special passages, three of which from their celebrity we may here notice. Foremost among them is that description of an ideal horse in "Venus and Adonis." But, unfortunately, it is borrowed word for word from Du Bartas. Here are all Shakespeare's phrases as they occur in that description, and, in brackets, those of his original.

Round hoofed (round hoof); short jointed (short pasterns); broad breast (broad breast); full eye (full eye); small head (head but of middle size); nostrils wide (nostril wide); high crest (crested neck, bowed); straight legs (hart-like legs); and passing strong (strong); thin mane (thin mane); thick tail (full tail); broad buttock (fair fat buttocks); tender hide (smooth hide).

If Shakespeare did not borrow from Du Bartas, it is obvious that he borrowed from some other work to which Du Bartas had already been. And if critics will read the whole of Du Bar-

tas's description, they cannot, in any honesty, deny that it is much superior to Shakespeare's summary of it. At all events, it is time that "critics" gave over eulogizing it as "Shakespeare's description" of an ideal horse.

Another passage of which much has been made is the description in "Henry V." of a beehive and its inmates:—

So work the honey-bees;
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act¹ of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor,
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Deliv'ring o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

As poetry, it is a most beautiful passage; as a description of a hive, it is utter nonsense, with an error of fact in every other line, and instinct throughout with a total misconception of the great bee-parable. Obviously, therefore, there could have been no personal observation. How then did the poet arrive at the beautiful conception? From the "Euphues" of Lyly. The passage will be found in a speech of Fidus by any one who will read from "a kind of people; a commonwealth for Plato" to "whom they that tarry at home receive readily, easing their backs of so great burthens." Was it original in Lyly? No, for any one who will turn to the fourth book of the Georgics will find there Virgil's description of a beehive; and if Shakespeare had in his own matchless

¹ As no "critic" (to our knowledge) has ever suggested "art" for "act," we assume the accepted reading calls for no alteration. Yet "art of order" does not read amiss; especially after the word "teach," and in striking antithesis to "nature."

language, directly paraphrased the Latin poet's beautiful version, his description would have gained greatly in accuracy and lost but little in originality.

Another passage often applauded is Shakespeare's catalogue of dogs in "Lear," in conjunction with his classification of dogs in "Macbeth." No book on "The Dog" is complete without these two quotations; yet no one who has read the catalogue of dogs and the subsequent classification of them in the "Return from Parnassus," can base Shakespeare's claim to an extraordinary originality in observation upon those particular passages in "Lear" and "Macbeth." Now these are three quotations by which, at various times, by very various editors, quantities of "criticism" have been supported, magnifying the poet's observation of animated nature. We have shown the extent of their "originality," and leave our readers to put their own value upon the criticism based upon them.

How then shall we judge of Shakespeare's original observation? Our space forbids the only satisfactory method; namely, an exhaustive treatment of his natural history, with parallel quotations from his predecessors and contemporaries. But we can at any rate give a few examples. For instance, taking a bird at random, the cuckoo is one that Shakespeare constantly uses. What is, honestly, the total sum of his natural history of the cuckoo? "The cuckoo builds not for himself." This is true, but scarcely original. "Hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests." True again, but only original in calling this universal favorite "hateful."¹ "The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long, that it had its head bit off by its young." Now a cuckoo could not bite off a sparrow's head, and it certainly would not suicidally destroy its only food-provider. Yet a critic says of this very passage, "Shakespeare seems to speak from his own observation, and to have

been the first to notice how the hedge-sparrow was used by the young cuckoo." Again Shakespeare,—

being fed by us, you used us so
As this ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near
your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble
wing
We were enforced, for safety's sake, to fly
Out of your sight.

Upon this, the editors of the "Henry Irving Shakespeare" quote with approval a most preposterous criticism of Knight's, not worth reproducing here. Suffice it to say that the fascination of the young cuckoo over its little foster-parents is so curious and lasting that, long after the cuckoo has left the nest and is able to forage for itself, its small guardians still continue to feed it and industriously drop down its huge gullet their tiny morsels of food. Once more Shakespeare: "As the cuckoo is in June heard but not regarded." This, "the cuckoo in June," was a very common proverbial saying of the time; yet critics comment lengthily upon it. Such then is the total sum of Shakespeare's "natural history" of the cuckoo, and it amounts to two proverbs, two misstatements, and the completest possible misconception of the cuckoo "idea" in nature. Yet critics have lavished their admiration upon it.

Let us in the same way take a beast at random—the weasel. What has Shakespeare to say of it? He calls it "quarrelous," "night-wandering," and "egg-sucking," and says, "The eagle England being in prey, to her unguarded nest the weasel Scot comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs." "Suck-egg weasel" was a proverb, and so was "quarrelsome as a weasel." Of the rest we need only remark that the weasel is not a night-wanderer, and that it does not plunder eagle's eyries. So that the total gain amounts to two proverbs and two misstatements. Yet a critic tells us that "the knowledge which Shakespeare displays of the habits of the weasel could

¹ "Hateful" as often meant "full of hate" as "to be hated."

only have been acquired by one accustomed to much observation by flood and field." It is hardly credible that responsible writers will go to such lengths in order to mislead. Yet, as we have seen, they will. Nor is it really any wonder that very false impressions of Shakespeare's familiarity with nature should generally prevail, when editors, critics, and professed students of Shakespeare betray such miserable lack of judgment and so indifferent a regard for facts.

Or let us take an insect, and, as we have already alluded to it, let it be the bee. In the passage we have quoted we find that Shakespeare's description of the hive owes its design to the fancies of others, and its details to the poet's own imagination. Not only is it full of errors (those perhaps would not matter), but Shakespeare has so perverted for his purpose—the archbishop is holding forth before the king on the necessity of co-operation for the welfare of the kingdom and his Majesty—the whole natural scheme of bee-economy as to show himself entirely out of sympathy with nature's design. Shakespeare has a great many references to the bee, in metaphor and simile and moral, but his natural history of the insect is as limited as it is inaccurate. Thus, "The old bees die, the young possess their hive;" a line which reads like a platitude or a truism, and seems hardly worth the saying. Yet it is so instinct with misconception that it would be hard to find its equal. Of anything else in the world it might be true, but said of the bee it is a monumental error, the most compendious misstatement possible. There are no "generations" of bees; they are all the offspring of the same mother; and they possess the hive by mutual arrangement and not by hereditary succession, for when it gets too full, the superfluous tenth goes off with a queen bee to "the colonies," leaving, as it were, the old folks at home. But there is no need to dissect the line. What was Shakespeare's idea of the "drone" bee? Suffolk says, "Drones suck not eagles' blood but rob beehives," and a

fisherman in "Pericles" talks of misers as "drones that rob the bee of her honey"—as if drones were some outside insects that plundered honey-bees. Again, Lucrece, confessing her ravishment, says:—

My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robbed and ransacked by injurious theft:

In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept

And sucked the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

This, if literally translated, reads thus: "I was a female bee, but a wasp robbed me of my honey, and I am now like a male bee." Again we have, "We'll follow where thou lead'st, like stinging bees in hottest summer's day, led by their master to the flower'd fields." The passage is of course ridiculous, but it is taken from Du Bartas (*The Furies*), Shakespeare using "master" in the sense of "king" in the original. Again Shakespeare, of bees returning to the hive, "Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with honey," though bees do not carry their wax on their thighs but in their "tails," and their honey, not in their mouths, but in their "stomachs." However, the line is borrowed from Lyly's "Euphues." But enough of bees. We have shown by taking a bird, a beast, and an insect, the complexion of Shakespeare's natural history, and, without any thought of depreciating the matchless language in which he clothes his errors, have proved, by the most direct manner of proof, *quotation*, that the knowledge upon which a certain class of critics so pride themselves in exulting, does not exist. And so we might easily go, if we had the space, item by item, through his animated nature, and prove, in the same indisputable way, how judicious Johnson was when he declined to commit himself to an opinion upon Shakespeare's zoology.

But taking men all round, ordinarily intelligent men of a country life,¹ was Shakespeare, as compared with one of

¹ A town life was in Shakespeare's day what we should now call country life.

these average individuals, "an observer of nature"? The question is one liable perhaps to shock those who have followed blind guides so long. The answer to it is liable to shock them more severely. No. Shakespeare was curiously unobservant of animated nature. He seems to have seen very little. Our authority for this is his own works, which, while they abound with beauties of fancy and imagination, are most disappointing to lovers of nature by (their errors apart) their extraordinary omissions. Stratford-on-Avon was, in his day, enmeshed in streams, yet he has not got a single kingfisher. It is true, he refers to that mythic old sea-bird of antiquity, the "halcyon," hung up by its beak as a kind of indoor weathercock. But that is not the kingfisher. Nor on all his streams or pools is there an otter, a water-rat, a fish rising, a dragon-fly, a moor-hen, or a heron. What, then, did he observe? Only inanimate nature, the willows "aslant the stream," and the

vagabond flag upon the stream
Go to-and fro, lackeying the varying tide
To rot itself with motion ;
and the stream itself, that
Makes sweet music with th' enamelled
stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.

But to the living objects about him he seems to have been obstinately and deliberately purblind and half deaf.

His boyhood was passed among woods, and yet in all the woods in his plays there is neither woodpecker nor wood-pigeon ; we never hear or see a squirrel in the trees, nor a nightjar hawking over the bracken. This is surely extraordinary in a poet. Did Shakespeare ever see the sea? How is it then that there is not a single seagull in all his works? With his hundred descriptions of the sea there is never a bird on the wave. If we were not talking of Shakespeare, we should say that a writer, who had passed his youth among woods and streams and never mentioned a wood-pigeon or a

kingfisher, "had no eye for nature." Dare we say this of Shakespeare? At any rate, let us not wilfully, in the face of his determined omissions, assert the reverse, and say, as so many "critics" have said and "editors" endorsed, that he was not only an observer of animated nature but an observer of exceptional accuracy. Or who, going down to the sea and afterwards writing of it scores of times with details of description, but omitting all mention of sea-birds, could be called an observer? Who but Shakespeare, the glamour of whose wondrous descriptions of inanimate nature has dazzled all his critics as to his animate? Yet the most that we can say of his extraordinary, inexplicable, reservations is, that if he did observe the living creatures, he did not think his observations worth recording. How is it that in all his sunshine there is not a single bee humming among the flowers?—that, with all his evenings, there is not a single moth on the wing? Which of us going out on a summer's day into garden or meadow, walking in orchard or under trees in bloom, but has "observed" the voice of the bees at work? or, going out in the evening in lane or field, but has "observed" the moths flashing or flickering by? Why then did not Shakespeare "observe" them? Who can tell? But the fact remains that he did not, or at any rate that, if he did, he gives us no suggestion of it. This being so, is it justifiable to contend that he was a minute and enthusiastic observer.

Shakespeare makes use of no fewer than twenty species of British wild animals. Of these the badger, the otter, and the water-rat are once each employed by name merely as terms of abuse ; the pole-cat and hedgehog are also terms of abuse, but are so far "described" as to be called respectively "stinking" and "thorny ;" the dormouse and ferret are each used once as adjectives for "sleepy" and "fierce ;" the shrew gives its name to a play, but is never mentioned as an animal ; the mole is mentioned twice as being "blind ;" the wild-cat once as "sleeping by day ;" the coney as "struggling

in the net" and "dwelling where she is kindled;" the squirrel as "the fairies' coach-maker," and as having already hoarded that year's nuts on May-day. The rat and the mouse (being only the *M. domesticus*) required no "observation" by the poet. So that the above represents the total of Shakespeare's natural history with regard to all but six of his British quadrupeds. The weasel we have already cited, and the poet's only "original" references to it are blunders. The bat is mentioned three times as an actual animal—once, wrongly, as a migrant, like the swallow, pursuing summer; once, fancifully, as the "rere-mouse," out of whose "leathern" wings Titania's elves made their coats; and once, finely, "ere the bat hath flown his cloistered flight," as fixing the hour of Duncan's murder. The fox, of course, affords endless opportunities for metaphor and simile, and Shakespeare's description of it, as the fox of fable and tradition, could not be surpassed. Not being a beast of the chase, it meets with no sympathy from the poet. Though innocent, "let him die, in that he is a fox, by nature proved an enemy to the flock," and again, "A fox, when one has caught her, should sure to the slaughter;" while his natural history of the animal is confined to folk-lore, saws, and proverbs, such as "The fox barks not when he would steal," "When the fox hath once got in his head, he'll soon find means to make his body follow," "To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox." There is not even a single epithet in all his references to the fox that assures us that Shakespeare ever noticed one at large.

With the boar, the hare, and the deer, the facts are reversed. Whether Shakespeare ever saw a boar-hunt is a matter for conjecture; but he gives a superb description of the animal and its chase in "Venus and Adonis." Any one who chooses to do so could resolve this description into its original elements, and refer them respectively to Spenser and Drayton, Du Bartas, Chester, and others who wrote of the

mighty boar before Shakespeare, and all of whom in turn borrowed from Ovid, Pliny, and Virgil. But the complete picture is Shakespeare's own, and it is very noteworthy as an illustration of the poet's treatment of a real animal in which he felt an actual personal interest. Take again, in the same poem, the exquisite description of the hunted hare, and note the force and beauty which the lines derive from his accuracy and sympathy. He had "observed" what he there described, and the result is such a poem as to make other poets despair. Or what can be said that is too appreciative of Shakespeare's deer? He was here perfectly at home, and thoroughly familiar, from personal observation, with the haunts and habits of the animal he was describing. The result is a detailed and most beautifully accurate natural history of the deer, whether stag, hart or hind, buck or doe. Above all, it is marked, as in the case of the hare, with a most touching sympathy for the hunted beast. Now, if critics and editors had confined their enthusiasm within the limits of "sport," no praise could have been exaggerated, and all of us could, within these limits, have accepted their judgment as to Shakespeare's "observation." But to extend it, upon no better authority than inference, to the larger world of animated nature outside of sport, was unwarrantable, and, as we have easily shown even by fragmentary evidence, quite unwarranted.

Being, then, no observer, and but very rarely sympathetic, can Shakespeare be called a "lover" of animated nature? A careful scrutiny of his works will give but little reason for supposing so. On the contrary, it might be argued, on very formidable evidence, that he was not. We may dismiss his reptiles, fishes, and insects without further examination, for Shakespeare had certainly no sympathy with them, and take a glance at his birds. There are forty-four British species made use of. Of these the bunjing, eyas-musket, finch, sea-mel, hershaw, snipe, pheasant, thrush, and wagtail

may be eliminated, as they are simply referred to by name, without any natural significance, while the following are each mentioned once: the ouzel-cock as having an "orange-lawney bill;" the dive-dapper "peering through a wave;" the stannyl "checking;" the maggot-pie as a bird of augury; the osprey in allusion to a myth; the partridge found dead in a kite's nest; the quail in quail-fighting; the rook as a bird of augury; the starling as being taught to speak; and the thristle (which may or may not mean the thrush¹) "with his note so true." Only one bird out of the score has an appreciative word said of it, and that is a quotation. Of the rest, the buzzard, chough, cormorant, crow, cuckoo, daw, hedge-sparrow, jay, owl, raven, sparrow, wild duck, and woodcock are never spoken of as birds, except with contempt or in disparagement. There is not then, so far, any expression of kindness, nor any suggestion of Shakespeare's pleasure in their existence.

This leaves us with the dove, eagle, falcon, lapwing, lark, martin, nightingale, robin, swallow, swan, turtle-dove, and wren. Shakespeare's treatment of the lark, the most important of his real birds, never fails to meet with special comment from his "critics" when they are insisting upon his observations of nature; but how is it they have never concerned themselves to learn how much of Shakespeare's description was his own and how much borrowed? We cannot find space to exhaust the subject, but may note here some of his most-quoted epithets, and distribute them among their sources. It is "the morning lark" (so in Lyly), the "mounting" lark (Wm. Browne), the "merry lark" (Spenser), "herald of the day" (Chaucer), "shrill lark" (Spenser), "summer's bird" (Spenser), "the busy day waked by the lark" ("the besy lark, waker of the

day," Chester), "Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings, and Phœbus 'gins arise" ("At Heaven's gate she claps her wings, the morn not waking till she sings," Lyly).

These alone are enough to warn the critic that he should go very cautiously when he approaches the text of Shakespeare with the intention of proving the "original" observation of the poet. Shakespeare's description of the lark is beautiful in the extreme, and for ordinary purposes Lyly and Wm. Browne and Chester, and, for the matter of that, Chaucer, Spenser, and Sidney, may be overlooked. We find the beautiful thoughts in Shakespeare. They are his. Let it be so—for ordinary purposes and "the general reader"—but critics must not, for their own special purposes, first of all attribute to Shakespeare expressions that were not his own, and then, on account of those expressions, attribute to him the possession of a love of nature for which there is no evidence. His lark is a beautiful construction, not a creation. It will live forever, as Shakespeare's because he takes what he chooses, as his osprey takes fish, "by sovereignty of nature," and makes it his own, by the force of genius that makes the lilies he gathers the whiter for his gathering, gold more golden for his handling, and that adds a perfume to the violet. But the fancies were not original; they did not break from him in any enthusiasm of admiration. He saw their beauty, and adapted them. Yet it still remains to be said that though Shakespeare borrowed others' fancies, he did not borrow any of their natural history. His contemporaries call the lark "crested," "speckled," "long-heeled," "low-nested." Shakespeare does not borrow these phrases; he cares, apparently, nothing about the real bird in nature; he never refers to its appearance, its mate, its nest, or its young, which so delight some poets before him. This is distinctly worth noting, and extraordinary.

Again, with the dove. Shakespeare's "dove" is an exquisite collation of all previous "doves"—of fancy—and,

¹ "The mavis is the song-thrush, which differs from the thristle or thrustell in being smaller and darker-colored" (Note to Chaucer: Bell's edition). The annotator was misled, and not without abundant justification, into this assertion by the persistent confusion in early literature of mavis, thrush, and thristle.

when he comes to facts, of the pigeon under domestication. The real dove, the bird that those whom he borrowed from meant, he leaves to them; for himself, the household pigeon, translated into "classical" terms, is sufficient. For Shakespeare needed but little material with which to work his wonders; and the less he was compelled to use, the better Shakespeare was pleased. It serves him, this "dove," as the emblem of "patience," "modesty," "harmlessness," "pity," "mildness," maternal devotion, "innocence," and is "the very blessed spirit of peace." It is white, snow-white, silver-white; and when it is a "turtle" dove, it is the symbol of love, of lovers' fidelity, of supreme constancy and chastity, and when separated from its love it is inconsolable. A very beautiful bird it is, and yet, with all its virtues, it is not one that commends itself to a lover of birds. Compare it with Spenser's culvers or the "quists" of Shakespeare's contemporaries, and the difference is to be seen at once. Yet a certain critic goes into raptures over it, and, because Shakespeare says it "pecks up peas" and "feeds its young ones" from its own crop, eulogizes the description as being of "almost photographic accuracy." Any urchin who lives within walking distance of St. Paul's or the Law Courts could have said as much, and in Shakespeare's own words; yet in Shakespeare it is "almost photographic accuracy." The poet again applauds the mother-dove's patience when "her golden couplets are disclosed." Disclosed means "hatched," so we are told by the editors of the "Henry Irving Shakespeare," and "the young doves when hatched are covered with yellow down;" therefore the beauty of the phrase "golden couplets." Now we might point out, as a matter of fact, that pigeons, when first hatched, are *not* covered with yellow down, that "golden couplets" here means eggs, that "disclosed" means "revealed," and that the notes of the "Henry Irving Shakespeare" are sheer nonsense—"Anon as patient as the

female dove, when that her golden couplets are disclosed, his silence will sit drooping"—but there is no need to do so, so let it pass. But when the poet's very defective natural history has to depend for its accuracy upon such details as these "critics and editors" suggest, it is surely worse off than it was before it had its house swept and garnished and was repossessed. Nor are the classic errors about the "chaste" and "mild" dove—the emblem, with "the lecher-sparrow," of the lascivious Paphian, and, for its constant quarrelling, "the bird of war," and "dedicate to Mars"—worth referring to; for in Shakespeare's day they were less hackneyed by over two hundred years of use than they are to-day.

Shakespeare's eagle, again, is a noble poem of a poet's admiration for a noble theme. But will even a critic venture to say that it is the result of Shakespeare's observation, or undertake to prove from it Shakespeare's love of nature?

His nightingale, again, is a beautiful poem, but its theme is "Philomela," not a bird; and when he does speak of the bird, he shows that he went to contemporary error or antiquated fancy for his facts, not to nature. As with Shelley's skylark (in which, though there is no direct natural history, there is a wonderful description of the actual song), a single stanza suffices to assure us that the poet really took a personal delight in a little bird that was singing overhead; so in Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale," a single stanza is enough to convince us of the actual joy of the poet in listening to another little brown bird singing in its bower. Did Shakespeare ever listen to either lark or nightingale? Who may say? They live enshrined in his verses for all time. Happy birds to be so honored; yet happier still if we could have thought that our great Shakespeare listened to them and loved them. Ben Jonson's one line, "Dear good angel of the Spring" is enough to satisfy any lover of nature. Shakespeare has not a kind word for the bird. Lucrece ray-

ished, Lavinia outraged and mutilated, the Passionate Pilgrim beguiled and left lamenting, find solace and sympathy in the lamentations of the victim of Tereus's cruelty. But the man Shakespeare never speaks to us from the poet's lines to say that the bird-nightingale delighted him.

His falcon is, of course, the bird of falconry, a concession to the taste of the day, and not, let us hope, any expression of the poet's own liking for the sport. In the brutal days of Elizabeth, sport was attended with such revolting cruelties, that we can easily understand Sidney saying, "Next to hunting I like hawking worst," and as we have pointed out, Shakespeare is very seldom pitiful except towards the victims of the chase; the "poor dappled fools," the burghers of the deer city in Arden Woods; the "poor" dew-bedrabbled wretch of Venus's hunting; the "poor" struck fowl. But liking "sport" or not, Shakespeare, for the fashion of his times, had to use the phrases of falconry and the chase. "Why, you know, an a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages nowadays, I'll not give a rush for him; they are more studied than the Latin or the Greek."

Of the robin, the swallow, the martin, the lapwing, and the wren, Shakespeare has preserved for us, in his own incomparable language, some pretty fancies as well as some facts which were the common property of his contemporaries. For instance, the delightful passages about the "ruddock with charitable bill" in "Cymbeline," so often quoted among the beauties of Shakespeare, occurs in, probably, every preceding poet, and the "charitable" bill appears to have been almost a proverbial saying.

As for Shakespeare's quadrupeds, we have already noticed them; but as illustrating his much-applauded "love" of nature, we may refer here to his curious detestation of cats and dogs, as "creatures vile, of no esteem." It is a most surprising fact that, with his marvellous sympathy with human nature and the horse, Shakespeare should

never have had a loving word to throw at a dog, and that he should have even denied it the virtue of fidelity. As the ministers to man's pleasures in hunting and bear-baiting, dogs are constantly commended for their courage, or endurance, strength, speed, or voice. But for their moral qualities, there is not a single syllable of admiration; and when we come to look for gentle words about man's faithful friend, for sympathy with the animal that has by its merits entrenched itself in human affection, we search in vain. Nor is there any reasonable explanation to be found for this inexplicable dislike of the dog, either in the manners of his own times or of any other, for Shakespeare's contemporaries are conspicuously warm-hearted towards it, and the literature of all time has consented to honor and to love it. It is quite true, as some critics emphasize very unnecessarily, that there is nothing good said of the dog in Holy Writ, and that the Jews hated it. But England is not Palestine; and if there was one creature Shakespeare hated more than the dog, it was the Jew. Yet all the passages of Shakespeare, in which the dog occurs — saving only Crab, and apart from sport or service — can be classified under the one head of "Dog as a term of contempt or reproach," and Shakespeare's vocabulary of dog-abuse is positively terrific. If he was ungenerous to the dog, he must be called something worse to cats, — "creatures we count not worth the hanging." For one thing puss is no sort of use in sport, so that her physical qualities did not attract the poet's admiration. Yet it is surely astonishing that he should so consistently revile the little animal. It was a pet long before his time, and his contemporaries all agree in admiring, valuing, and caressing it. Was Shakespeare one of those like Bertram, or of whom Shylock speaks, that "cannot abide a cat"? There is enough in his plays to support the fancy. But how, then, about his dogs? And failing explanation of so determined an aversion, critics cannot say of Shakespeare that he was a "lover of animals."

Of Shakespeare's horses there is no need to speak; he writes of them as a Centaur might write, as participating in his own nature. He loved them, and the result is the noblest description ever written of the noblest of all animals. Here we see the poet at his best, full of personal knowledge of his subject, full of kindest sympathy with it, and the contrast makes all the more barren and more deplorable his treatment of the animal world in general.

It has been said of Shakespeare that he had "a fine contempt for details," and this contempt he carries into his treatment of animals. A bird is a bird, a beast is a beast, and it does not seriously matter what sort of bird or beast it is, so long as the touch of nature which the passage needs, or which affords a metaphor, is there. He was supremely indifferent to that which all other writers prize so highly and call "local color." This is shown as conspicuously in his flora as in his fauna; for where, for instance, the names of individual trees would have greatly advantaged his text and brought the scenes in which they were mentioned more substantially before the eye, he is content with the word "tree." And as real trees that he knows of, he actually uses in his forests only the oak, the pine, and (very doubtfully) the sycamore. There are no elms or beech-trees, no birch, ash, chestnut, walnut, poplar, alder, plane, fir, larch, lime, or hornbeam. Is not this extraordinary? So with animated nature. Shakespeare took only what suited for the occasion, and only just as much as would suffice. He does not employ animals to embellish or ornament his lines; they are there for the use they serve in illustration or as a simile. He never lingers over a beast or bird longer than the quotation he is working on. When it has served his purpose, it goes. If he is dealing with inanimate nature, he delights to linger, to elaborate, and to polish. But with an animal he never stays longer than to say just the one thing that serves to make it apt, and, as a rule, he does not even stop to choose a specific variety. He has no

butterflies in his sunshine, no moths in his twilight, no crickets in his meadows, no bees in his flowers. Living creatures do not slip naturally into his landscape. When he thought of being out in the field and garden and orchard, he did not think of the small life that goes to gladden the scene, and makes "the country" so blithe and beautiful for most of us.

His characters live in Arden Forest, and yet they never hear or see a single bird, or insect, or flower, all the time that they are there. As for animals, deer excepted (and these the poet was compelled to introduce for food), there is only a lioness and "a green and gilded snake." The oak is the only forest tree in the play. There is not a flower in it. Even the words "flower" and "leaf" are never mentioned in the play; nor the word "bird," except in an interpolated song. There is not even an indication of the time of year, except that the duke and others talk of the bitter cold. Yet what do we find? The play is always illustrated as if the time of year were midsummer, and critics say: "We hear the wind rustling in the fragrant leaves of the fairy land of Arden" (Henry Irving Shakespeare), and speak of "leafy solitudes sweet with the song of birds." Such is the magic potency of genius; it takes captive imagination, transports the mind to scenes that are never even hinted at by the poet, and makes us paint forests green and fill them with happy animal life and summer flowers, when the writer speaks only of "the icy fang and churlish chiding of the winter's wind," calls the forest always a "desert," and tenants it with lions and venomous serpents.

We have now passed in review, as fully as space will permit, the animated nature of Shakespeare's plays and poems, and within those limits presented the case against those critics and editors who repeat one from the other the misconception as to the poet's exceptional knowledge of natural history, his extraordinary exercise of personal observation, and his universal tenderness towards animal life. And

as we have passed from one point of our enquiry to another, it cannot have escaped the reader that the peculiarities of Shakespeare's sympathies and antipathies are exactly those of all succeeding poets. Where he praises, they praise; where he blames, they blame, too. The larger groups that he neglects—for instance, the birds and beasts of prey, the sea-fowl or the foreign birds—are neglected punctually; reptiles continue to be abominable, fish not worth noticing, and insects "vermin." Even the treatment of individual species follows on Shakespeare's lines. The owl, the raven, the crow, and so forth are odious; the kingfisher, woodpecker, corncrake, etc., are passed over. No birds are "song birds" except those to which Shakespeare gave diplomas. The monkey folk "ridiculous they find, for what? For ill-resembling human kind." Our British quadrupeds, the badger, otter, fox, and the rest, are used exactly as Shakespeare used them. The insects he disliked the poets dislike; those that work for man are applauded as they were applauded by him. The resemblance may be traced even closer than this; for Shakespeare's imagery, epithets, and metaphors are repeated in his own words for three centuries after they were written.

Here and there, of course, in every poet occur touches of individual prejudice or partiality, of personal likes and dislikes; but Shakespeare gives the tone and general tenor to the whole. With the nineteenth century there has also come into poetry a deeper and wider appreciation of nature, but with it a corresponding appreciation of Shakespeare; and even the greatest minds of our own times confess in their writings the potent influence of the wizard's example. Of course, we may go farther back than Shakespeare—and say, that, as he borrowed so much, he is not responsible. But for all practical purposes, even despite Chaucer and Spenser, English poetry begins with Shakespeare. Some poets study Chaucer and Spenser; but all poets study Shakespeare, and it is the befitting

penalty of his absorbing greatness that we date back to him and no farther. Nor need we go farther for our models of nature. Shakespeare is satisfying, even in his animated nature. He presents it to us in such winning form, and with such grace of words, that we are content with it—so long as we may enjoy it with judgment and a reasonable admiration. Naturally enough, every one wishes to read into Shakespeare's lines that which they would be glad to find there and what they perhaps expected would be there. But to go about to discover the perfume of sweetbriar in the violet, or to find that in gold which is more golden than itself, is "wasteful and ridiculous excess." His animated nature, that is, his knowledge of natural history, cannot be, and could not have been, better than "Elizabethan;" but, as a matter of fact, it falls below the standard of his contemporaries. For it is often forgotten, when admiring Shakespeare, how much his contemporaries knew, and that the same literature was open to Shakespeare as was open to Bacon and other men whom we still call "learned."

But no previous literature could suffice, nor all the learning that is available now, to suggest to Shakespeare his studies of human nature or of inanimate nature. These are supreme examples of human genius directed to the contemplation of surrounding objects; and in all the range of English poetry, until we come to Shelley, we shall scarcely find a metaphor or simile, or yet any touch of description, that falls outside the circumference of Shakespeare's "all-encasing" language. Like gold, it permeates like the clays and rocks of human thought; like the jewels of the sea, his phrases gleam and glitter in shallows and in deeps. So saturated is the intellect of our race with Shakespeare that thinkers can scarcely think finely without his echo, or poets speak without quotation. Indeed, we might sometimes wonder whether, even in our dreams, we outfly his waking wings or pitch beyond the circle of his fancy.

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COMMISSIONS IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

To the Teutonic youth whose aspirations are fixed on the military red collar, which is the distinguishing mark of a German officer, various paths lie open for the gratification of his ambition, all of which differ materially from those in vogue in our own service. With us in England, except in a very few instances, admission lies through a competitive examination, and it would perhaps be difficult to devise any other scheme to meet the necessities of our peculiar position. Having but a small army compared with Continental forces, we require only a very limited number of officers, whereas there is always forthcoming an unlimited supply of young men of means ambitious of holding her Majesty's commission. In Germany the conditions are reversed, and the demand being in excess of the supply, no resort need be had to competition. Again, with the single exception of the man who rises from the ranks, no British officer is obliged to have any personal experience of service therein. The reverse is the rule in Germany. The youth who has finally decided on a military career must, first and foremost, look out for a regimental commander willing to accept him, and it behoves him to be early in so doing. Notwithstanding the dearth of applicants, it is by no means a matter of course that every application will be granted. A wide discretion is left to commanding officers, and social relations and family antecedents are strictly inquired into. There is, besides, a searching medical examination. The army candidate, having found a regiment, is not permitted to join it immediately, unless he is fortunate enough to hold a certificate of having stood the test of the *Abiturienten* examination. This is the term applied to the final passing-out examination at one of the recognized public schools, which must be passed by all students prior to their admission to a university. The examination embraces theology, German, Latin, Greek, French, English, He-

brew, mathematics, physics, history, and geography, and the standard is so high that very few but university students attain it. For the general run of candidates a special literary test, known as the *Fähnrichs* (ensign) examination, is imposed, and this is by far the most popular door of admission. It very much resembles our own army entrance, and, as in England, so also in Germany, there is a host of crammers, all of whom profess to offer the best possible advantages and to have won more successes than any of their rivals. The business is supposed to be lucrative, though we are not prepared to suggest that the profits rise to the level of those of our own English army tutors. The Berlin crammer must be satisfied with moderate fees, but his teaching is nevertheless methodical and expeditious. He seldom finds it necessary to spend more than three months on the preparation of a candidate. But this is not altogether due to the excellence of his system, for admission to the examination is conditional on the production of a certificate of having reached the head class in a public school, which is a guarantee of a high standard of previous knowledge. It is true that this certificate may be dispensed with by the special permission of the emperor, but such exemptions are the exception and not the rule.

Once the date of the examination is fixed, the candidate receives from his regiment a notification of the time when he has to present himself before the Military Examination Commission in Berlin. This is almost invariably at twelve o'clock on a Sunday. On his arrival, which must be punctual, he is introduced along with the other candidates, of whom there are about thirty, to the president of the commission. From this moment he is treated as a soldier, and instructions are given to him which he has to obey to the letter. During the examination he resides, under military supervision, on the premises where it is held; and when it is over, and he is discharged, he is obliged forthwith to quit the city.

The examination begins on Monday morning at 8 A.M., when the candidates appear in evening dress and white gloves, invariably the attire worn at all important public examinations in Germany. The event is regarded as solemn, and on all such occasions the swallow-tail is indispensable. By Wednesday evening the written examination is generally over, and the *viel voce* test begins. This lasts till Friday evening, and immediately upon its close the result is communicated to each candidate. He who has been lucky enough to pass, receives a military railway ticket to the garrison where his regiment is stationed. Here we will leave him for the present while we endeavor more fully to describe the Fähnrichs examination, and to indicate the requisite standard of knowledge in the various subjects which it embraces.

The examination in mathematics is confined to geometry, about equal to the first six books of Euclid; algebra up to geometrical progression, and very elementary plane trigonometry. In German two essays are set, and an accurate acquaintance with the history of the literature of the country, as well as of grammar and prosody, is required; obligatory Latin does not reach farther than Cæsar and Livy, the latter with the assistance of a dictionary, with easy questions on grammar and syntax, but the candidate is permitted to offer Cicero and Horace in addition. In French two passages for translation are given, one from French into German and the other *vice versa*, and questions on grammar are asked. Great importance is attached to correct pronunciation, and above all to fluency in conversation. English alternates with Greek, the standard in the former being about the same as in French, and in the latter the same as in Latin. History includes (1) that of Greece and Rome; (2) that of the Middle Ages; (3) modern history, English, French, German, and Russian; (4) Prussian history. In each division two parallel questions are set, one of which must be correctly answered. Geography

embraces physical, political, and mathematical geography, and the examination takes place on the same lines as in history. There is in addition an examination in a third modern language, chemistry, physics, or drawing, at the choice of the candidate. The highest mark in each subject is nine; the lowest is one. The marks obtained in the chief subjects (German, mathematics, and Latin) are multiplied by five; those obtained in the other obligatory subjects (French, Greek, or English, history, and geography) are multiplied by three, while those of the last category remain as they stand, except that to count at least five must be scored. The pass mark is one hundred and twenty-six, but the candidate is nevertheless disqualified who fails to make more than three in German—a result which orthographical mistakes entail. Those who fail are put back for three, five, seven, etc., months, depending on the number of marks short of the pass standard. A candidate is then examined only in those subjects in which he has failed to obtain five, and it rarely happens that he is disqualified a second time. A third examination is only allowed by special permission.

We return to the candidate who, having passed his Fähnrichs examination, has been sent to his regiment. He is now a common soldier, and is obliged to live in barracks, where his treatment differs in no respect from that of the other privates, except, perhaps, that he is allowed to pay a comrade to perform for him the more menial part of his duties. After a few weeks' experience of barrack life he is permitted to take private lodgings, and in due course is promoted to corporal. After five months' service he applies for a certificate of efficiency in practical soldiering, and if this, which must be signed by the commander and officers of the regiment, is granted, the title of "Fähnrich," or, more properly, "Portepeefähnrich," is conferred on him by an imperial order. As Fähnrich he ranks between corporal and sergeant, and receives an increase of pay. When he has completed a period of

six months' service in the ranks, the Fähnrich removes to a military college. Here he is instructed in tactics, army organization, the military epistolary style, the use of arms, fortification, etc. ; he is taught gymnastics, fencing, riding, and swimming, and he receives lessons in Russian and French. The course lasts thirty-six weeks, and at its close the Fähnrich is eligible to present himself for examination in the military subjects included within it. Should he be successful, he returns to his regiment, whereupon he must undergo the ordeal of an election or rejection, as the case may be, by the officers of the same. The youngest records his vote first, the commander last, no ballot being employed. Should the result give a unanimous vote in favor of the Fähnrich, he is declared elected, and in due time receives the emperor's commission. An unfavorable minority are obliged to state the grounds of their objection. These are referred to the emperor, and on his decision as to their validity depends the result. Rejection by a majority is final ; no reasons are assigned, and the rejected candidate will find it a difficult task to procure admission into any other regiment.

Another common way of entering the army is through a cadet school. They are mainly intended for the education of officers' sons, but to the extent of the available accommodation they are open to others. The programme of study is identical with that in the lower forms at public schools, the work of the higher forms being pursued at the chief cadet school at Lichterfelde. The cadets who are successful at the final passing-out examination are divided into two groups. The first hundred, or thereabouts, are granted exemption from service in the ranks and are not obliged to study at a military college. In lieu thereof they remain a year longer at Lichterfelde, which is devoted to preparation for the examination in military subjects, at which they are then eligible themselves. They afterwards receive their commissions without an election by the officers of

the regiment to which they are appointed. Those who do not pass out among the first hundred at Lichterfelde are distributed as common soldiers through different regiments, and eventually become officers by the same steps as those who enter through the Fähnrichs examination. We have seen that those cadets who pass out high are relieved of service in the ranks, but there is not, so far as we are aware, any other gate by which this may be avoided with the following exception : Young men who hold a certificate of having passed the Abiturienten examination, already referred to, and who have studied at least a year at a German university, technical high school, or forest academy, may be admitted to the examination in military subjects without having either served in the ranks or studied at a military college. The general effect, therefore, of the regulations on this point is to render it obligatory on all military candidates, with the exception of those who are decidedly above the average in respect of education, to submit to a short probationary training on equal terms with the men whom they are afterwards destined to command.

As it is the fashion to take the German army as the type of military excellence, it is interesting to note how totally their system of admission differs from our own. We have already remarked on the variation in the matter of competition and of service in the ranks, but the comparison may be pursued into the nature of the entrance examinations. So far as mathematics or the dead languages are concerned there is no great difference beyond this, that the English standard is decidedly higher. In history the contrast is more apparent. The German authorities consider it essential to the education of an officer that he should be well up in the history of the chief European nations as well as in that of the Middle Ages, and of ancient Greece and Rome, whereas a general knowledge of his own is deemed enough for a British officer, and not even this is compulsory. The difference of opinion

between the English and German commissioners on the relative importance of the literature of their own and of other countries is very remarkable, the latter subjecting their candidates to a searching examination on the history of literature, the grammar and the prosody of their own language, whereas the former regard German etymology and the rules of French versification as more important than the literature of the English language. The value attached to a colloquial knowledge of modern languages affords, perhaps, a still more striking contrast. It is true that under the German scheme such knowledge is not obligatory, but, in the words of a well-known German crammer, "even a modest attempt at conversation always insures a high mark." One-tenth of the possible total in either language is all that our own civil service commissioners assign to proficiency in conversation.

There is, moreover, a wide divergence in the rules of the two countries which fix the age at which a candidate is admissible to the literary test, the German being eligible up to the age of twenty-three, whereas the English maximum is nineteen. The English service is open to all comers of unblemished character, but the discretion possessed by regimental commanders in the admission of military students, and the subsequent election which places it in the power of a single officer to raise an objection which may prove fatal, practically closes the German army to all but members of that class with which militarism is a profession, and from which officers have been for generations almost exclusively recruited.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
AN UNFINISHED RUBBER.

IN ordinary circumstances Ko Shway Ghine would scarcely have given Oo Pyat's story a second thought; groundless rumors of dacoits had been so very frequent lately. Oo Pyat, while cutting bamboos on the river bank above

the village that morning, had been hailed by some men passing down in a boat; these told him that a woman, an hour higher up the stream, had bid them take care of themselves, for her brother-in-law's father had just seen with his own eyes Boh Paw and a hundred men marching south, that is towards Sanwah village.

What lent significance to an otherwise commonplace report was the fact that this very morning Anness-lee Thekin, the young English assistant superintendent of police, with ten of the little strangers from the West called Goo-kha, had unexpectedly arrived at Sanwah and were even now resting at the dāk bungalow just outside the village. Moreover, Mr. Annesley immediately on his arrival had sent for Ko Shway Ghine as headman to ask for news of Boh Paw, saying he was told the dacoit chief was in that neighborhood. Ko Shway Ghine had no news to give then; but now he rose from his mat, and bade Oo Pyat follow him to repeat his story to the English officer.

Sanwah consisted of two rows of dingy brown and yellow huts straggling along either side of a wide weed-grown street, down whose centre an uneven brick pavement stood up like a red backbone. Before it reached the end of the village, this pavement broke off in scattered bricks, giving place to a rough cart-track which meandered along the margin of the paddy-fields to the forest beyond. The dāk bungalow stood back from the cart-track in a ragged compound, whose boundaries lingered in a few clumps of untrimmed, bamboo hedge. It was a forlorn-looking house; a shallow story of three rooms and a verandah, gloomy in the shade of the low-pitched roof, and elevated on twelve-foot piles. Every one of the Venetian blinds, which did duty as doors and windows, had battens missing; the dust lay thick on the stairs, and the bamboo lattice-work, which ought to have been holding down the thatch, had slipped limply over the eaves. Ramasawmy, the Madras man who had charge of the bungalow, lived with his Burmese wife

behind it; but Ramasawmy never even had the rooms swept until a guest was actually in sight.

Ko Shway Ghine and Oo Pyat passed through the ant-eaten shells of gate-posts, and were graciously allowed by Ramasawmy to go up-stairs. It was one of those intensely hot, close days October brings after the rains, and Mr. Annesley reclined in the wreck of a long-armed chair, undressed in white drill trousers, sleeveless vest, and straw slippers. Shway Ghine, crouching before him, repeated Oo Pyat's story with the trifling alterations required to make it worthy the attention of an English officer. That is to say, he represented that Oo Pyat had been one of the boatmen, and that the woman had herself seen the dacoits. Omission of the remaining links, in his judgment, merely lent the narrative the point and finish essential to ensure it fair hearing. Told with pedantic regard for accuracy of detail, it might, he felt, be dismissed as aligah, — mere nonsense.

Mr. Annesley listened to the story with an indifference which, if disappointing, was at least reassuring. He asked one or two questions, announced his intention of remaining that night at Sanwah, and, having offered the visitors this crumb of comfort, told them they had leave to go. Then he took up the letter he had laid aside when they came in, and began to read again. Oo Pyat's tale, even as edited by Shway Ghine, bore too striking a family resemblance to the wind-borne fictions brought him everywhere to impress him as important.

He was still reading his letter when Ramasawmy came to tell him that another gentleman was coming; he thought it was Mr. Masters, the Forests gentleman, because there was an elephant with the baggage. Annesley did not know Masters; but in the jungle all men are friends, and he got up to meet the new arrival. He was a stout, sun-browned man of about thirty; he walked alone in front of his elephant and followers, and his thin white trousers clung about his

limbs as though he had just forded the river.

"I'm afraid I've taken the coolest room," said Annesley. "I did not know any one else was coming; but I'll move out at once." For Masters was his senior both in years and service.

"Pray don't move; I'll take the other. Very glad to find a white man here; I haven't spoken English for six weeks. Police, I see," glancing at the Goorkhas below.

They told each other their names and what they were doing; and Masters, having shouted orders to his servants, who sat under a pink umbrella among the baggage on the elephant-pad, went in to bathe and change. Annesley leaned over the verandah watching the men relieve the kneeling beast of a confusion of boxes, bundles, cooking utensils, and gun-cases. He had not been quite twelve months in the country yet, and an elephant was still something to be looked at. The clatter of hoofs made him look up, thrilled with vague ideas of dacoit news sent by mounted messenger. A tall, thin man on a rough-haired pony was jogging towards the bungalow. The horseman's trousers (he did not wear riding-dress) had wriggled half-way up his calves, and his enormous pith hat had settled down over his ears and half hid his face. He dismounted with an audible sigh of relief, and raised his headgear with both hands.

"Hallo, Colville!" called Annesley, as the new-comer thus discovered himself. "What brings you here?"

"Ah, Annesley! Got an appointment with Boh Paw?"

"Well, — hoping for it; I'm only stopping the night. And you?"

"I'm camped on the line about fifteen miles out. I got a touch of fever sleeping out last night, so came in to roost under cover. If I had known it was twice the distance my men said, I shouldn't have come. How that wretched pony has galled me! He won't walk; dances along like a tipsy ballet-girl. That your hathi?"

"No; Masters of the Forests. He

arrived only twenty minutes ago. Government doesn't give us poor devils elephants."

"What an event for Sanwah! I don't suppose it's ever had a white population of three before."

Colville accepted Annesley's invitation to share his room, and, declaring his desire for an immediate bath, borrowed his friend's towels and disappeared. The luxurious splashing had ceased when Colville's men arrived. The bearer, in spotless white, led the way, followed by three coolies balancing luggage on their heads, and a fourth with a grass swathed package from which a deer's hoof peeped.

"What's this?" inquired Masters, who had strolled out of his room.

"Venison for dinner to-night!"

"It was a bit of luck," explained Colville, appearing draped in a big Turkish towel. "I was looking for jungle fowl this morning when he got under my nose. I blew his head nearly off."

"What do you want?" inquired Masters of his khitmugar, who had been waiting at a respectful distance till his employer should notice him.

The khitmugar wished to know what his honor would like for dinner that evening. What was there to be had? Doubtless the Protector of the Poor could have whatever he pleased to command.

"Yes, you idiot!" growled the Protector of the Poor. "Dāk bungalow, moorghi, or old goat, eh?"

The khitmugar ventured to suggest moorghi soup, chicken-curry, and roast fowl. Annesley sahib had ordered these for his dinner.

Colville unceremoniously struck in to countermand this banquet. The curry might stand, but when he had vension, and Masters's stock-pot, containing no doubt the basis of soup fit for angels, was staring them in the face from the cook-house doorway, he thought Annesley could do without three courses of hen for once. Annesley agreed; he had feasted on fowls every day for a fortnight, except once when he bought a youngish goat. "I

might have had beef at Pyalin the day before yesterday," he added scrupulously; "but the headman confessed that the cow had died a natural death, and I couldn't face it. The whole village was eating it."

"Burmans will eat anything almost," remarked Masters. "See here, khitmugar, get a bottle of simkim shrab from the box, and wrap it up in wet straw, and hang it in the shade. If I come and find the straw dry I'll cut your pay eight annas."

"Who wouldn't be in the Forests!" sighed Colville cheerfully.

"You are supposed to drink champagne when you are out, aren't you?" asked Annesley, with involuntary respect.

"We want it, living weeks at a time in these pestilential jungles."

Colville expressed his conviction that the work of Annesley's department and that of the Telegraphs would be far more efficiently carried out if their allowances were conceived on a scale to allow of champagne every night when they were out in the district; and then throwing the towel-fringe over his shoulder, he went in to dress.

The sun was creeping along the verandah floor when Annesley, in his chair, discovered that he had been asleep. The other two were busy writing, so he went out for a solitary stroll. At the farther end of the street, a stone's throw beyond the houses, the lime-washed pagoda glared white in the evening sun. There is little difference save in degree of dilapidation among village pagodas, but it offered the object of a walk, and Annesley turned in that direction. The village was awake after the heat of the day. The men were squatting in groups about the street, smoking and chatting, and the girls were busy husking rice in the paddy mortars under the houses. The squeak and thump of the heavy foot-pestles, as the levers rose and fell, mingled with the laughter and song of the workers. Here and there a woman sat weaving at the loom under her house, talking across the street to her neighbors as she passed the shuttle in

and out. The alarm of the morning had evidently been forgotten.

"Any more news?" asked Annesley of Shway Ghine, who rose to salute as he passed. There was no more, and he walked on to the pagoda. It was deserted save for one elderly woman kneeling at a little distance saying her prayers aloud; she took no notice of the white man as he passed between her and the shrine and wandered round it whistling. The building, shaped like an attenuated bell, was not one to excite admiration. An inverted soda-water bottle on the short iron stab on the apex fulfilled its unwonted purpose by sparkling gloriously in the sun. A few thick tufts of grass and seedlings grew from the cracks in the brickwork, and the moulding about the base was mossy and stained with damp; but the fabric of both the pagoda and the low wall which at a few feet distance surrounded it in four sections, was sound. Ancient brick paving smothered in grass billowed away for thirty feet all round it, and on the side remote from the village the jungle, entered by one narrow footpath, grew close up to this neglected court.

It was dark when Annesley returned to the bungalow. One battered lamp smokily lighted the dark walls and rafters, and showed Masters and Colville lying in their chairs at the end of the verandah.

"That's one great pull you Telegraph Wallahs have over other fellows," Masters was saying; "you can always know, if you like, what's going on in the world. For all I hear when I'm in the jungle, we might be at war with Russia, or the viceroy might be assassinated, or the world turned upside down generally."

"It cuts both ways. The wire is the chief's apron-string, and you're tied to it. You may be a hundred miles away, but there's the lightning-string, as the Burman calls it, and he can bully you if he wants to. I will say, though, that with Morris at the other end it is more an advantage than a bother. He always posts me up in the latest events."

"What sort of job has it been, laying the new line? There's some difficult jungle on these hills."

"Easy, the last day or two. We hit an elephant-track, and the bamboos are laid as if half-a-dozen traction engines abreast had been going that way every day for months."

"A big herd, I suppose."

"Forty or fifty I should judge. I only hope the hathis will have been considerate enough to go on in our direction. They save a world of work."

Annesley dragged his chair over, and the three reclined in lazy comfort until Ramasawmy came to announce dinner.

I haven't seen such a respectable party for weeks," remarked Colville, looking round as they drew in their chairs. "Three men in clean white jackets! I've been dining in my shirt-sleeves for the last month. A table-cloth, too!"

"You don't wear white in the jungle, do you, Annesley?" inquired Masters.

"I do, when I wear a coat at all."

"That's rather rash for a policeman, isn't it? It's too conspicuous."

The talk drifted into other channels, and presently turned, as is usual, upon promotion. "Yours is the line for galloping promotion in these days, Annesley," said Colville. "You are in luck being put on to Boh Paw. It's your step if you catch him, I don't mind betting a gold mohur."

"I mean to get my step before next cold weather," replied Annesley, with the firmness of a man who has made up his mind.

"Oho! and why before next cold weather?" from Masters.

"Why not?" retorted Annesley, blushing. "Look at Blake," he continued, his tongue loosened by the champagne; "he got his step and four months' sick leave to Darjeeling for a shot through the thigh. Look at Paterson; step and thanks of government for two fingers and half an ear!"

The others laughed. "I see, Annesley; but go about it cautiously. Risk your legs for promotion, but don't go the whole hog in a white coat."

"You pin your faith on Boh Paw, young man," said Masters. "You'll score better at headquarters by killing him than by getting cut to bits yourself."

"We'll play whist after dinner," said Colville, after a short silence. His tone indicated that he meant to make a night of it. "I've got cards."

So had Masters; he always played patience after dinner in the jungle.

"Well, you're not going in for any dissipation of that kind to-night. Whist, two anna points, and a dib on the rub is the programme."

"Rupee points and a chick,¹ you mean. Two anna points!"

"I am 'very poor man, sah,'" returned Colville, catching the other's eye and nodding at Annesley, who was absorbed in the task of eating a devilled sardine with a two-pronged fork. The pay of an assistant superintendent of police is limited.

Masters shrugged his shoulders in acquiescence.

"Well," remarked Annesley, laying down his fork with a contented sigh, "this *has* been a dinner, thanks to you fellows. Some one said whist; I'm ready."

The servants carried out the chairs and the party adjourned to the verandah, where Masters's camp-table had been set up.

"Well, young 'un, you and dummy ought to rook us handsomely. Look at it, Colville! Five trumps and a long suit in clubs."

The blue smoke of the cheroots curled softly upwards over the silence of whist. Outside, the glow of cooking-fires in the street reddened the night over the village; the low murmur of voices in the compound, and the blowing of the elephant, like a smithy bellows, were restful. The moon rose, picking out roof-line and tree, and one by one the pariahs raised their dismal baying. The three in the dāk bungalow, engrossed in their game, played on, deaf to the familiar noises and blind to the beauty of the night.

"Two by honors, three by cards," said Annesley, sweeping up the last trick.

"No wonder, considering your hand. Go on, I've cut. Who's got a bit of paper to score?"

"I've got some letters," said Annesley, pulling some from his breast-pocket. "Here—no, not that one, please—take this."

"What's the difference?" growled Masters, making the exchange.

The moonlight strengthened and outshone the fire-glow; the pariahs bayed as though they had never seen a full moon before, and the murmur of voices below died in the silence of sleep. The servants were snoring in the back verandah, and the Goorkha sentry paced up and down, pausing now and again to yawn audibly. The fitful patter of cards went on, broken only by an abstracted request for matches or for a moment's indulgence while the speaker lit a fresh cheroot.

"Now, Annesley, you've had rare luck. Three rubbers with dummy and won them all,—bumpers. How does it go this time? You and Masters. Change seats with me."

"Half past eleven," said Masters, looking at his watch. "One more rubber and then to bed. I want to be off early to-morrow. Go ahead, partner. Attention, please!"

"Pardon, one minute," said Annesley, laying down his hand. "I think I hear something at the other end of the village."

"Fudge! It's only the pariahs baying a little louder. Go on."

But Annesley was already on his way down-stairs, and Masters threw down his cards impatiently.

"He's a keen hand," remarked Colville approvingly, seizing the opportunity to mix some whiskey and water. "By Jove, Masters, I believe there is something up. Listen!"

The dogs were not baying, but barking, and the villagers were calling to one another.

"Dummyama," repeated Colville, catching the word from many lips. "Dacoits, of course."

¹ Chick = Rs. 4.

"Of course," echoed Masters indifferently, as he pushed back his chair and went to look over the balustrade of the verandah. "A stray buffalo in the jungle, most likely."

A dim figure flitted by in the shadow of the bamboos; another and another, and then a thin, silent stream. Annesley came running back from the village, threw an order to the sentry, and sprang up-stairs three steps at a time.

"They say it's Boh Paw," he said, as he ran past to his room. "It's my step if it is, I swear."

Women hushing frightened children were hurrying from the village now, some to take shelter under the dāk bungalow, others to go farther and hide in the bushes. A hoarse yell from the other end of the village told that dacoits were there and about to attack. Masters called to his servant to get his guns quickly. The sentry in rousing his comrades had awakened every one, and the bustle was general. Annesley came out buckling the last strap of a new "Sam Browne" belt, his eyes shining with exultation.

"Take off your coat!" cried Colville who, like Masters, had thrown off his to go out in a grey flannel shirt.

One shot, and another, rang from the end of the village, and a hammered bullet shrilled by. "No time now," laughed Annesley, and he ran down-stairs with his sword tripping behind. A word to the corporal and, with carbines loaded, the little Goorkhas filed out at a trot.

Masters's bearer, frightened out of his wits by the firing, was slow in finding the cartridges, and the police were half-way up the village when the two started in pursuit.

"It's going to be warm," remarked Colville, as long flashes led reports, and bullets screamed in different keys overhead, or kicked up splutters of earth. Before them rose and fell the dim wave of the Goorkhas in line across the street; it was almost impalpable, bright as the moon was, as it sank and burst into flame, swelled and advanced, to sink and flame again. Annesley's

figure, always upright, stood out white and distinct against the shadows. They could hear him curbing the impetuosity of his men when the dacoits ceased to advance, and, hanging for a moment, crowded back upon the pagoda.

"They're going to make a stand," panted Masters. "Look at 'em, taking cover behind the wall."

A halt to fix bayonets let them up with the police, and they fell in at the end of the skirmishing line to obey Annesley's orders. The dacoits' fire spit fitfully over the low wall of the pagoda, but the volume of yells told that the gang was large enough to feel confidence in its strength. Two more volleys and runs brought the police well out upon the open ground beyond the houses, and Annesley's high young voice sang out joyously, "I say, we'll rush it now! Charge!"

The Goorkhas shouted, and sprang forward like one man. A roar came from the pagoda. "The white police-chief! Shoot the white police-chief!" The crest of the wall lightened with a running blaze; there was a clatter of steel on the brick-paving, and Colville, pulling up short, turned to see Annesley fall tearing at the weeds. The Goorkhas, led by Masters, swept on giving yell for yell. The bayonets were left in their dead, and the kookries did what they might on backs and shoulders.

"It is not fighting," the corporal grumbled to Masters, two minutes after. "It is hunting; these dogs cannot fight."

The men were slowly drawing in from the jungle, at whose fringe Masters had stopped the pursuit. Telling the corporal to collect the dead he went back to Colville, who knelt by Annesley.

"Is he much hurt?"

A glance at the now upturned face forestalled the answer. "Dead,—there," said Colville, pointing to a blotch on the breast that showed black in the moonlight.

"Leave the guns for the Goorkhas, and we'll carry him in."

They carried the body back to the

bungalow, laid it on the bed, and stood looking at each other across it.

"What is to be done next?" asked Masters.

"I suppose we ought to find out where his people live. He had some letters in his pocket."

He bent over the low camp-stretcher and drew out a budget. Masters took some of the letters, and they glanced through the enclosures.

"No clue among these; they're all in the same hand, and no surname."

"Same with this lot," said Colville, opening the last. "What's that?"

Masters picked up a card which had fallen on the dead man's body, and Colville saw it was worn ragged at the corners.

"Poor chap! No wonder he was in a hurry for his promotion," said Masters, passing it over.

Colville looked, and with shaking fingers put it back in the envelope. "Give me the rest," he said; and shaping the package, he pressed it gently back into the breast-pocket. Then they drew a blanket over the body and went out, closing the door. They helped themselves to some drink from the dining-room table, and lay down in the verandah to smoke in silence for a while.

"I say, Masters, have you got a prayer-book with you by any chance?"

An hour ago either would have laughed at the question. Now it expressed a lack that amounted to a calamity.

"Do you recollect any of, — of the prayers?"

"I suppose I could say 'and now we commit' all right; I've heard it often enough. But, —" Masters broke off with a sigh.

"It would take a man three days to go, and three to come back, if we sent him on my pony to Henzada for one."

"That's out of the question; to-morrow evening is the very latest in this weather. What are we to do? We can't bury the boy like a dog."

The smoke rose over two faces wrinkled with perplexed thought. Presently Colville sat up in his chair and tossed his cheroot away. "I have it. I'll start back to camp now and get old Peter Da Silva, the telegraph-master, to wire out what we want. I'll come back as soon as I get it."

"Good thought! Do you think you can find your way, though?"

Colville did not doubt it in that moonlight; and accepting Masters's revolver, "lest any of those blackguards should have bolted that way," the two went down-stairs to saddle the indignant pony.

"Good-night, old fellow. Keep your eyes open and the pistol handy." Colville threw his leg over the sturdy little beast (it was just twelve hands two inches high) and rode out, while the other turned and went slowly up-stairs again.

It was past one, but he had no inclination to go to bed. He saw that the lamp was burning in the room where Annesley lay, and shut the door again quietly. He got the cleaning-rods and materials, and wiped out the gun and rifle Colville and he had used, and put them back into their covers. Then he threw himself into a chair and smoked for five minutes; but he could not lie still while *that* lay so much more still within a few feet of him, and he got up to pace the verandah. Passing the table where the cards remained as they had been left, he stopped. "'Gad, what a hand!" he said under his breath. "It's all trumps." The stair creaked. He looked round and saw the Goorkha corporal saluting.

"What is it?"

"Sahib, some men of the village have come back. They say one killed dacoit is the chief Boh Paw."

"I will hear their words in the morning," replied Masters; and the corporal, saluting again, went down-stairs.

"Boh Paw killed," he muttered. "Poor boy! Another trump, if he'd been spared to play it."

From The Nineteenth Century.
SOME GREAT CHURCHES OF FRANCE.

BY WALTER PATER.

VEZELAY.

As you discern the long, unbroken line of its roof, low-pitched for France, above the cottages and willow-shaded streams of the place, you might think the abbey church of Pontigny, the largest Cistercian church now remaining, only a great farm-building. On a nearer view there is something unpretending, something pleasantly English, in the plain grey walls, pierced with long "lancet" windows, as if they overlooked the lowlands of Essex, or the meadows of Kent or Berkshire, the sort of country from which came those saintly exiles of our race who made the cloisters of Pontigny famous, and one of whom, Saint Edmund of Abingdon, *Saint-Edme*, still lies enshrined here. The country which the sons of Saint Bernard chose for their abode is in fact but a patch of scanty pasture-land in the midst of a heady wine-district. Like its majestic Cluniac rivals, the church has its western portico, elegant in structure but of comparatively humble proportions, under a plain roof of tiles, pent-wise. Within, a heavy coat of whitewash seems befitting to the simple forms of the "Transition," or quite earliest "Pointed," Style, to its remarkable continence of spirit, its uniformity, and cleanness of build. The long prospect of nave and choir ends, however, with a sort of graceful smallness, in a *chevet* of seven closely packed, narrow bays. It is like a nun's church, or like a nun's coif.

The church of Pontigny, representative generally of the churches of the Cistercian order, including some of the loveliest early English ones, was in truth significant of a reaction, a reaction against monasticism itself, as it had come to be in the order of Cluny, the genius of which found its proper expression in the imperious, but half-barbaric, splendors of the richest form of the *Romanesque*, the monastic style pre-eminently, as we may still see it at La Charité-sur-Loire, at Saint-Benoît,

above all, on the hill of Vézelay. Saint Bernard, who had lent his immense influence to the order of Cîteaux by way of a monastic reform, though he had a genius for hymns and was in other ways an eminent religious poet, and though he gave a new life to the expiring romance of the crusades, was, as regards the visible world, much of a Puritan. Was it he who, wrapt in thought upon the world unseen, walked along the shores of Lake Lemman without observing it? — the eternal snows he might have taken for the walls of the new Jerusalem; the blue waves he might have fancied its pavement of sapphire. In the churches, the worship, of his new order he required simplicity, and even severity, being fortunate in finding so winsome an exponent of that principle as the early Gothic of Pontigny, or of the first Cistercian church, now destroyed, at Cîteaux itself. Strangely enough, while Bernard's own temper of mind was a survival from the past (we see this in his contest with Abelard), hierarchic, reactionary, suspicious of novelty, the architectural style of his preference was largely of secular origin. It had a large share in that inventive and innovating genius, that expansion of the natural human soul, to which the art, the literature, the religious movements of the thirteenth century in France, as in Italy, where it ends with Dante, bear witness.

In particular, Bernard had protested against the sculpture, rich and fantastic, but gloomy, it might be indecent, developed more abundantly than anywhere else in the churches of Burgundy, and especially in those of the Cluniac order. "What is the use," he asks, "of those grotesque monsters in painting and sculpture?" and almost certainly had in mind the marvellous carved work at Vézelay, whither doubtless he came often — for example on Good Friday, 1146, to preach, as we know, the second crusade in the presence of Louis the Seventh. He, too, might have wept at the sight of the doomed multitude (one in ten, it is said, returned from the Holy Land), as

its enthusiasm, under the charm of his fiery eloquence, rose to the height of his purpose. Even the aisles of Vézelay were not sufficient for the multitude of his hearers, and he preached to them in the open air, from a rock still pointed out on the hillside. Armies, indeed, have been encamped many times on the slopes and meadows of the valley of the Cure, now to all seeming so impreguably tranquil. The Cluniac order even then had already declined from its first intention; and that decline became especially visible in the Abbey of Vézelay itself not long after Bernard's day. Its majestic immutable church was complete by the middle of the twelfth century. And there it still stands in spite of many a threat, while the conventual buildings around it have disappeared, and the institution it represented — secularized at its own request at the Reformation — had dwindled almost to nothing at all, till, in the last century, the last abbot built himself, in place of the old Gothic lodging below those solemn walls, a sort of *Château Gaillard*, a dainty abode in the manner of Louis Quinze — swept away that, too, at the Revolution — where the great oaks now flourish, with the rooks and squirrels.

Yet the order of Cluny, in its time, in that dark period of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, had deserved well of those to whom religion, and art, and social order, are precious. The Cluniacs had in fact represented monasticism in the most legitimate form of its activity; and, if the church of Vézelay was not quite the grandest of their churches, it is certainly the grandest of them which remains. It is also typical in character. As Notre-Dame d'Amiens is pre-eminently the church of the city, of a commune, so the Madeleine of Vézelay is typically the church of a monastery.

The monastic style proper, then, in its peculiar power and influence, was Romanesque, and with the Cluniac order; and here perhaps better than anywhere else we may understand what it really came to, what was its effect on the spirits, the imagination.

As at Pontigny, the Cistercians, for the most part, built their churches in lowly valleys, according to the intention of their founder. The representative church of the Cluniacs, on the other hand, lies amid the closely piled houses of the little town it protected, and could punish, on a steep hilltop, like a long, massive chest there, heavy above you, as you climb slowly the winding road, the old unchanged pathway of Saint Bernard. In days gone by it threatened the surrounding neighborhood with four boldly built towers; had then also a spire at the crossing; and must have been at that time like a more magnificent version of the buildings which still crown the hill of Laon. Externally, the proportions, the squareness, of the nave (west and east, the vast narthex or porch, and the Gothic choir, rise above its roof-line), remind one of another great Romanesque church at home — of the nave of Winchester, out of which Wykeham carved his richly panelled, perpendicular interior.

At Vézelay, however, the Romanesque, the Romanesque of Burgundy, alike in the first conception of the whole structure, and in the actual locking together of its big stones, its masses of almost unbroken masonry, its *inertia*, figures as of more imperial character, and nearer to the Romans of old, than its feebler kindred in England or Normandy. We seem to have before us here a Romanesque architecture, studied, not from Roman basilicas or Roman temples, but from the arenas, the colossal gateways, the triumphal arches, of the people of empire, such as remain even now, not in the south of France only. The simple "flying," or rather leaning and almost couchant, buttresses, quadrants of a circle, might be parts of a Roman aqueduct. In contrast to the lightsome Gothic manner of the last quarter of the twelfth century (as we shall presently find it here too, like an escape for the eye, for the temper, out of some grim under-world into genial daylight), the Cluniac church might seem a still active instrument of the iron tyranny of Rome, of

its tyranny over the animal spirits. As the ghost of ancient Rome still "lingers over the grave thereof," in the papacy, the hierarchy, so is it with the material structures also, the Cluniac and other Romanesque churches, which most emphatically express the hierarchical, the papal system. There is something about this church of Vézelay, in the long-sustained patience of which it tells, that brings to mind the labor of slaves, whose occasional Fescennine license and fresh memories of a barbaric life also find expression, now and again, in the strange sculpture of the place. Yet here for once, around a great French church, there is the kindly repose of English "precincts," and the country which this monastic acropolis overlooks southwards is a very pleasant one, as we emerge from the shadows of — yes ! of that peculiarly *sad* place — a country all the pleasanter by reason of the toil upon it, performed, or exacted from others, by the monks, through long centuries, *Le Morvan*, with its distant blue hills and broken foreground, the vineyards, the patches of woodland, the roads winding into their cool shadows ; though in truth the fortress-like outline of the monastic church and the sombre hue of its material lend themselves most readily to the effects of a stormy sky.

By a door, which in the great days opened from a magnificent cloister, you enter what might seem itself but the ambulatory of a cloister, superbly vaulted and long and regular, and built of huge stones of a metallic color. It is the southern aisle of the nave, a nave of ten bays, the grandest Romanesque interior in France, perhaps in the world. In its mortified light the very soul of monasticism, Roman and half military, as the completest outcome of a religion of threats, seems to descend upon one. Monasticism is, indeed, the product of many various tendencies of the religious soul, one or another of which may very properly connect itself with the Pointed Style, as we saw in those lightsome aisles of Pontigny, so expressive of the purity, the lowly sweetness, of the soul of Ber-

nard. But it is here at Vézelay, in this iron place, that monasticism in its central, its historically most significant purpose, presents itself as most completely at home. There is no triforium. The monotonous cloistral length of wall, above the long-drawn series of stately round arches, is unbroken save by a plain, small window in each bay, placed as high as possible just below the cornice, as a mere after-thought, you might fancy. Those windows were probably unglazed, and closed only with wooden shutters as occasion required. Furnished with the stained glass of the period, they would have left the place almost in darkness, giving, doubtless, full effect to the monkish candle-light in any case needful here. An almost perfect cradle-roof, tunnel-like from end to end of the long central aisle, adds, by its simplicity of form, to the magnificent unity of effect. The bearing-arches, which span it from bay to bay, being part-colored, with *voussures* of alternate white and a kind of grey or green, being also somewhat flat at the keystone, and literally eccentric, have, at least for English eyes, something of a Saracenic or other Oriental character. Again, it is as if the architects — the engineers — who worked here, had seen things undreamt of by other Romanesque builders, the builders in England and Normandy.

Here then, scarcely relieving the almost savage character of the work, abundant on tympanum and doorway without, above all on the immense capitals of the nave within, is the sculpture which offended Bernard. A sumptuous band of it, a carved *guipure* of singular boldness, passes continuously round the arches, and along the cornices from bay to bay, and, with the large, bossy tendency of the ornament throughout, may be regarded as typical of Burgundian richness. Of sculptured capitals, to like, or to dislike with Saint Bernard, there are nearly a hundred, unwearied in variety, unique in the energy of their conception, full of wild promise in their coarse execution, cruel, you might say, in the realization of

human form and features. Irresistibly they rivet attention.

The subjects are for the most part Scriptural, chosen apparently as being apt for strongly satiric treatment, the suicide of Judas, the fall of Goliath. The legend of Saint Benedict, naturally at home in a Benedictine church, presented the sculptor with a series of forcible grotesques ready-made. Some monkish story, half moral, half facetious, perhaps a little coarse, like that of Sainte Eugénie, from time to time makes variety; or an example of the punishment of the wicked by men or by devils, who play a large, and to themselves thoroughly enjoyable and merry, part here. The sculptor would seem to have witnessed the punishment of the blasphemer; how adroitly the executioner planted knee on the culprit's bosom, as he lay on the ground, and out came the sinful tongue, to meet the iron pincers. The minds of those who worked thus seem to have been almost insanely preoccupied just then with the human countenance, but by no means exclusively in its pleasantness or dignity. Bold, crude, original, their work indicates delight in the power of reproducing fact, curiosity in it, but little or no sense of beauty. The humanity, therefore, here presented, as in the Cluniac sculpture generally, is wholly unconventional. M. Viollet-le-Duc thinks he can trace in it individual types still actually existing in the peasantry of Le Morvan. Man and morality, however, disappearing at intervals, the acanthine capitals have a kind of later Venetian beauty about them, as the Venetian birds also, the conventional peacocks, or birds wholly of fantasy, amid the long fantastic foliage. There are still, however, no true flowers of the field here. There is pity, it must be confessed, on the other hand, and the delicacy, the beauty, which that always brings with it, where Jephtha peeps at the dead daughter's face, lifting timidly the great leaves that cover it; in the hanging body of Absalom; in the child carried away by the eagle, his long frock twisted in the wind as he goes. The

parents run out in dismay, and the devil to grin, not because it is the punishment of the child or of them; not because he is the author of all mischief everywhere, as the monkish carver conceived—so far wholesomely.

We must remember that any sculpture less emphatic would have been ineffective, because practically invisible, in this sombre place. But at the west end there is an escape for the eye, for the soul, towards the unhindered, natural, afternoon sun; not, however, into the outer and open air, but through an arcade of three bold, round arches, high above the great closed western doors, into a somewhat broader and loftier place than this, a reservoir of light, a veritable *camera lucida*. The light is that which lies below the vault and within the tribunals of the famous *narthex* (as they say), the vast fore-church or vestibule, into which the nave is prolonged. A remarkable feature of many Cluniac churches, the great western porch, on a scale which is approached in England only at Peterborough, is found also in some of the churches of the Cistercians. It is characteristic, in fact, rather of Burgundy than of either of those religious orders, especially. At Pontigny itself, for instance, there is a good one; and a very early one at Paray-le-Monial. Saint-Père-sous-Vézelay, daughter of the great church, in the vale below, has a late Gothic example; Semur also, with fantastic lodges above it. The cathedral of Autun, a secular church in rivalry of the "religious," presents, by way of such western porch or vestibule, two entire bays of the nave, unglazed with the vast western arch open to the air; the west front, with its rich portals, being thrown back into the depths of the great fore-church thus produced.

The *narthex* of Vézelay, the largest of these singular structures, is glazed, and closed towards the west by what is now the *façade*. It is itself, in fact, a great church, a nave of three magnificent bays, and of three aisles, with a spacious triforium. With their fantastic sculpture, sheltered thus from acci-

dent and weather, in all its original freshness, the great portals of the primitive *façade* serve now for doorways, as a second, solemn, door of entrance, to the church proper within. The very structure of the place, and its relation to the main edifice, indicate that it was for use on occasion, when, at certain great feasts, that of the Magdalen especially, to whom the church of Vézelay is dedicated, the monastery was swollen with pilgrims, too poor, too numerous, to be lodged in the town, come hither to worship by the relics of the friend of Jesus, enshrined in a low-vaulted crypt, the floor of which is the natural rocky surface of the hilltop. It may be that the pilgrims were permitted to lie for the night, not only on the pavement, but (if so favored) in the high and dry chamber formed by the spacious triforium over the north aisle, awaiting an early mass. The primitive west front, then, had become but a wall of partition; and above its central portal, where the round, arched west windows had been, ran now a kind of broad, arcaded tribune, in full view of the entire length of the church. In the midst of it stood an altar; and here, perhaps, the priest who officiated being visible to the whole assembled multitude east and west, the early mass was said.

The great vestibule was finished about forty years after the completion of the nave, towards the middle of the twelfth century. And here, in the great pier-arches, and in the eastern bay of the vault, still with the large masonry, the large, flat, un moulded surfaces, and amid the fantastic carvings of the Romanesque building about it, the Pointed Style, determined yet discreet, makes itself felt — makes itself felt by appearing, if not for the first time, yet for the first time in the organic or systematic development of French architecture. Not in the unambitious façade of Saint-Denis, nor in the austere aisles of Sens, but at Vézelay, in this grandiose fabric, so worthy of the event, Viollet-le-Duc

would fain see the birthplace of the Pointed Style. Here, at last, with no sense of contrast, but by way of veritable "transition," and as if by its own matured strength, the round arch breaks into the double curve, *les arcs brisés*, with a wonderful access of grace. And the imaginative effect is forthwith enlarged. Beyond, far beyond, what is actually presented to the eye in that peculiar curvature, its mysterious grace, and by the stateliness, the elevation of the ogival method of vaulting, the imagination is stirred to present one with what belongs properly to it alone. The masonry, though large, is nicely fitted; a large light is admitted through the now fully pronounced Gothic windows towards the west. At Amiens we found the Gothic spirit, reigning there exclusively, to be a restless one. At Vézelay, where it breathes for the first time amid the heavy masses of the old imperial style, it breathes the very genius of monastic repose. And then, whereas at Amiens, and still more at Beauvais, at Saint-Quentin, you wonder how these monuments of the past can have endured so long, in strictly monastic Vézelay you have a sense of freshness, such as, in spite of their ruin, we perceive in the buildings of Greece. We enjoy here not so much, as at Amiens, the sentiment of antiquity, but that of eternal duration.

But let me place you once more where we stood for a while, on entering by the doorway in the midst of the long southern aisle. Cross the aisle, and gather now in one view the perspective of the whole. Away on the left hand the eye is drawn upward to the tranquil light of the vaults of the fore-church, seeming doubtless the more spacious because partly concealed from us by the wall of partition below. But, on the right hand, towards the east, as if with the set purpose of a striking architectural contrast, an instruction as to the place of this or that manner in the architectural series, the long, tunnel-like, military work of the Romanesque nave opens wide into the exhilarating daylight of choir and tran-

septs, in the sort of Gothic Bernard would have welcomed, with a vault rising now high above the roof-line of the body of the church, *sicut lilium excelsum*. The simple flowers, the *flora*, of the early Pointed Style, which could never have looked at home as an element in the half-savage decoration of the nave, seem to be growing here upon the sheaves of slender, reedy pillars, as if naturally in the carved stone. Even here, indeed, Roman, or Romanesque, taste still lingers proudly in the monolith columns of the *chevet*. Externally, we may note with what dexterity the Gothic choir has been inserted into its place, below and within the great buttresses of the earlier Romanesque one.

Visitors to the great church of Assisi have sometimes found a kind of parable in the threefold ascent from the dark crypt where the body of Saint Francis lies, through the gloomy "lower" church, into the height and breadth, the physical the symbolic "illumination," of the church above. At Vézelay that kind of contrast suggests itself in one view, the hopeful, but transitory, glory upon which one enters; the long, darksome, central avenue; the "open vision" into which it conducts us. As a symbol of resurrection, its choir is a fitting diadem to the church of the Magdalen, whose remains the monks meant it to cover.

And yet, after all, notwithstanding this assertion of the superiority (are we so to call it?) of the new Gothic way, perhaps by the very force of contrast, the *Madeleine* of Vézelay is still pre-eminently a Romanesque, and thereby the typically monastic, church. In spite of restoration even, as we linger here, the impression of the monastic Middle Age, of a very exclusive monasticism, that has verily turned its back upon common life, jealously closed inward upon itself, is a singularly weighty one; the more so because, as the peasant said when asked the way to an old sanctuary that had fallen to the occupation of farm-laborers, and was now deserted even by them: *Maintenant il n'y a personne là*.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE MELANCHOLY MAN.

A STRANGE thing is melancholy, and a most subtle and illusive subject. Even Burton, with all his labor and searching, his curious knowledge and extensive citation from ancient writers, has only scratched upon the surface of this field. He has given us the physician's view of the matter; he is more concerned in things corporal than spiritual; he is all for hellebore and purgings of the liver. And even love, with him, is a species of disease, affecting he knows not what part of our bodies. Such materialistic doctrines are not for this age. Yet even he perceived the strange contradiction that melancholy is a sweet sadness, sometimes transporting her victim heavenwards, and again oppressing him with torment. The patient will often be unwilling to be cured of his fantasies, wherein he seems to have command of another world, a world dark and mysterious but with a strange magnificence, a shadowy splendor all its own. He loves to wander with Milton away from the pitiless, obtrusive sunlight, where, in harmony with his own thoughts, the day is tempered striking through stained windows, and soft music peals along the vaulted roof. Music, indeed, is commonly his chief solace, for it is the most plastic to our mood of all the arts, and a man finds in solemn organ-chords an interpretation in consonance with the mind he brings with him. But at other times all joys, even such sober ones as these, are denied; the world rings hollow to his ears, and he is filled with remorse for lost opportunities. An unutterable sadness haunts him, and the future looks askance at him in leaden blackness. The world seems paltry, even the visible universe has shrunk in his sight. The goal he has set before him hitherto, fame or wealth or freedom, matters not; it is no longer worth his winning. Idleness is a curse and a weariness; but to what end should he work? At such times he could endure to be healed.

It is curious how pleasant a thing sadness sometimes is; and how some

people will hug a sorrow, as a most precious possession, to their breasts. In fact, all emotions, so they be not too strong, are pleasurable; and for that reason it will be mostly among the shallow-minded, who can seldom feel keenly, that we shall find this weak delight in self-pity. For even fear, duly modified, as in a well-told ghost-story, may be held to inspire some not unpleasing sensation, and many enjoy above all things a touch of the pathetic in their reading. We are apt to love those who pluck our heart-strings more than those who merely aim at exciting our laughter; pathos and humor are both good things, but the former we estimate as the higher gift. We have a kind of veneration for the writer that can move us to tears. Thackeray would not be the same man in our eyes if he had not written of Colonel Newcome.

There might appear to be something selfish about this love for the pathetic in fiction; as though the reader should feel a pleasing contrast between his own sense of security and the misfortunes of the imaginary characters in his book. But this is not so in the main. Your true novel-reader identifies himself with each prominent person he reads of, and their experiences, whether of happiness or pain, are his own for the time. For the moment he is Tom Jones, or Darsie Latimer, or David Copperfield; and, even when the heroine steps upon the stage, he strains his imagination to embrace also her personality. More or less, according to his capabilities, he enters into the feelings of fool and villain. It is in proportion to this quality of adaptation, of acting a part insensibly, that the power of really appreciating a romance, or, for that matter, a drama or a historical work, exists. There are some people, it is true, who can content themselves with such subsidiary qualities as erudition, or neatness of style, or power of language, but the main body look to the author's presentment of his actors. If he has drawn them so that the reader can, without violence to his reason, imagine himself in their

place, and pass with them through their adventures, then he may rest assured of finding the great majority upon his side. He will be said to have created new characters. And indeed it is possibly here that the chief educational influence of the novel comes in; for as certain players are wont to carry their parts beyond the stage, so it may chance that, even after he has finished his book, our reader may still remain imbued in a sense with the virtues of hero or heroine. In this manner an author may indeed create new characters, or, at the least, regenerate old ones; and thus it is possible for men who read fiction aright insensibly to improve themselves, like men who have mixed for a time with a higher grade of companions than they commonly meet. But those who deliberately remain aloof, and refuse to become one of the party, who persist in criticising the performance solely from the outside, with a curious eye to all the established canons of art, will reap neither profit nor much enjoyment from the barren process. The critic is not likely to be reformed by a work of art. Enthusiasm is foreign to his profession. He will not be the man to laugh at your comic countryman, or burst into tears at the woes of your heroine in distress. A calm smile of approbation, as of Jove enthroned, shall suffice him, if the touch be well brought out; if indifferently, a calm smile of contempt. The author that shall regenerate your professed critic has not yet, in all likelihood, seen the light.

It is a commonplace with some that sadness is merely a product of indigestion, and this is a view that humorous writers in particular are much inclined to affect. With certain kinds of melancholy it may doubtless be so, for as a certain kind of love is fabled to arise from fulness of bread, so also may an inferior sort of gloomy sulkiness. Or as we see sentiment and sentimentality, so may we discern a legitimate from a dyspeptic melancholy. It is true that not all men have the time to cultivate a genteel hypochondria. It is idle to

expect a common ploughman to be sad for any but material reasons. Some real deficiency, such as a lack of bacon to his loaf, will be the care that penetrates to his slow mind; even a fear that such deficiency may arise in the near future will not, in general, sensibly affect his peace. It takes an intellect of some refinement to be truly melancholy. Centuries of civilization go to form that sensitive mind, conscious that the world is out of joint, and burning with a noble discontent at things in general. Most of our great reformers have been stern, sad-faced men. The portraits of Luther, of Knox, of Cromwell, do not show us faces of the lightly humorous cast, nor sleek countenances such as Cæsar loved. About these, and about Carlyle, who from an innate sympathy felt himself designed to be the historian and apologist of such men, there lies ever a rugged, careworn look, as of men who found the world a serious puzzle, and one that they were bound to solve in the interests of humanity. One would not ascribe the sadness of their aspect to unaided indigestion. It is notorious, indeed, that Carlyle was a martyr to dyspepsia; but it is at least equally probable that this was the result, as that it was the cause, of his melancholy. We have seen it suggested that men should train themselves, as it were, for pathetic writing on some food of a particularly unwholesome character, but it would be degrading to suppose, even for an instant, that we owe the "Latter Day Pamphlets" to imperfectly cooked piecrust. If that were the case, the world might well hope to secure another "Locksley Hall" by selecting a likely poet, and feeding him conscientiously on a diet of lobster salad and unlimited muffins. We are not inclined to subscribe to such materialistic views as these. But it is true that the human organization is a delicate piece of machinery enough, and so inextricably interwoven that one cannot, without danger, separate its individual parts. Body, soul, and spirit are largely interdependent, and are apt to react upon

each other to an unimagined extent. It is very likely the case that a sort of nervous derangement has been in some degree responsible for a good many gloomy predictions, and that several lofty and aerial flights (as we imagine them) of the aspiring soul can be traced back in part to a fortunate condition of the stomach. But affections of the body can never be held wholly responsible for the color of our thought. They are rather like some transparent medium through which must pass the bright rays sent forth from the soul; a sheet of glass sometimes filmed with dust, sometimes of imperfect nature and sending forth a distorted image, rarely indeed pure and clean and altogether free from fault, but which can never do aught but reproduce, in a more or less mutilated form, the figure thrown upon it by the creative power.

The rival camps of the optimist and the pessimist divide the world. It is true, perhaps, that it is mainly a matter of health to which of these two sides the individual man attaches himself. It is noticeable that the former will commonly reproach the latter for a bilious and acrid discontent; and that these will retort upon the dull, euphetic happiness of their opponents. The world will in general believe the brains to lie with the man who is satisfied at nothing, and thinks your cheery, careless sort a good fellow certainly, but little better than a fool in intellect. In fact, it is easier to attack than to defend, and the sneering critic will usually make a more brilliant appearance than the good-natured friend. Again, the cynic's tub has now become a well-cushioned elbow-chair, and the trade of the pessimist has grown so inviting that many men have adopted it who have nothing much to complain of at heart. They enjoy startling their neighbors with evil omens, with fearful predictions; and with a certain pride they point to the decay of their race, and compare the present state of British morality, or hardihood, or enterprise with the past. They affect to mourn our decline, but they are not without a subtle consolation in the

thought that they have for some time seen the slow sapping of the foundations to which it may be attributed. On the whole, if they are not too serious in their opinions, they play a pleasant enough part. The pain which any chance fulfilment of their prophecies may inflict upon the nation is mitigated in their case by a consciousness of superior wisdom. They are like men who have betted a small amount against their own horse; whatever turn affairs may take, their money is safe. It is a common plan with some people thus to hedge, as it were, against a possible disappointment. They school themselves to believe still that the worst will happen, and by this means discount in anticipation the pain that such a misfortune will bring to them. The process may be pleasing to themselves, but it is extremely painful to their friends. It is something of a damper to the spirits to have a companion who persistently expects unhappiness. Such a man cannot be cheerful himself, neither is he a great incitement to cheerfulness in others. It must seem almost criminal, we think, in his eyes, that in the face of all that is hanging over us, we should thus affect gaiety and light-heartedness; and, for fear of offending him, we subdue ourselves with difficulty to a dull decorum. There is, indeed, more than a suspicion of selfishness in this variety of sadness, as though a man should have all the world walk stiffly because he himself is clothed in armor, or insist upon arousing all his neighbors on account of his own sleeplessness. We may be wrong in suspecting such men of a desire for sympathy — frequently they would sooner be without it — but the knowledge that a fellow-creature is a prey to groundless grief, as we consider it, acts upon our own feelings and in time produces an irritation which, in spite of ourselves, compels us to share his sorrow.

The pessimist is not always, however, a melancholy man. In fact, his humor is often to pose as a cynic, or general critic of the universe, and in that position he feels himself to be on

a plane removed from the rest of the world's inhabitants, and the coming sorrows that he foretells have no concern with him. He regards himself as a mere spectator in the theatre of life, but a spectator with sufficient insight into things theatrical to guess that the pleasant farce now upon the boards is but the prelude to a tragedy. He is in the world, but not of it, and the strange gambols he witnesses merely produce in him a slight pity tempered with amusement. This scornful attitude has come to be considered the fashionable one for men of any education and originality. It is not, to our mind, a cheerful one. We prefer still, no matter how ridiculous it may seem, the simple creeds of our forefathers. We confess even to a certain faith in the future of the British nation. It is much the fashion now to sneer at our ancient belief in the superiority of our own race, and call it insular prejudice; to ridicule patriotic fervor, and term it blustering conceit. There are some men who object strongly even to the song or ballad that savors of this heresy, and who would school the race to speak with bated breath of past achievements in war, from a fear, presumably, lest they should incautiously hurt the feelings of some ancient foe. They are never weary of insisting that it has always been our fault, and the source of all our misfortunes, this proneness to undervalue our opponents. They flood the daily papers with alarms, and are ever pressing for more men, more ships, more fortifications, in the event of unforeseen contingencies. We do not deny that they may be doing a certain amount of good in this. The old careless optimism had its faults, no doubt. It is just as well that we should be prepared for possible combinations against us in the future. It is not worth while to expose ourselves needlessly, or to imagine that a fortunate audacity will always help us out of a crisis. But there was something heroic in the old creed that any Englishman was worth his half-a-dozen foreigners or so when it came to fighting; and it

is vain to build vessels or enroll troops if we destroy the spirit that used to animate our soldiers and sailors in old time, and that has enriched our annals with deeds of reckless daring by land and sea for centuries.

If it were not for the jealous alarmist, it is possible that the burdens of the world might be lightened considerably. It is these people who keep urging on their respective countries to vie with each other in expensive preparations for war. We wish a plague on all such pestilent fellows. What do we want with new explosives and fresh varieties of implements for destroying life? There is something ridiculous surely in the present position of affairs in Europe, something ridiculous, and at the same time most mournfully sad. These great nations in a condition of armed suspense, still increasing their preparation for war and still hesitating to begin the battle, remind us of nothing so much as of so many frogs gradually inflating themselves in order to strike terror into their rivals. And indeed it is likely enough that one or two will burst with the effort before they come to actual business. War has little enough attraction for any reasonable man now. What with submarine ships and torpedoes, with air-balloons and weapons of precision, there is altogether getting to be too much risk about it. Even a hired soldier likes to have a chance, to have fair play given to him, to be able to give stroke for stroke. There is not much excitement in receiving one's death-blow from a battery six miles distant, or in sharing a common fate with some hundreds of comrades through an inglorious charge of dynamite dropped from the clouds at night-time. To say nothing of the unconscionable burden a modern army (even on a peace-footing) lays upon the tax-payer, it is becoming evident, even from the soldier's point of view, that some return to simpler methods is advisable. As to the romance of war, it received a shrewd blow at the introduction of gunpowder, and, what with the maxim-gun and smokeless explosives, it is like to perish

altogether before the next European struggle.

With the bombs of anarchists and the groaning of oppressed tax-payers, it is undeniable that there is a fine field for melancholy in our viewing of the world. Little remains for the onlooker but something of a Stoic calm, to be maintained as well as he is able in the face of adverse circumstances. By hard work it is fortunately possible as a rule to be quit of much unnecessary thought, and in diligently employing ourselves on our own business we may escape the sad conviction of our ultimate ruin. It is hard sometimes to refrain from wishing that the wheels of progress could be stayed, or even set back for some half century or so in their course. Was not the world the happier without a fair percentage of our modern improvements and discoveries? Like timid children reading a tragic story we are afraid to think what the end of the book may bring. To be sure, we have our compensations, facilities in railway travelling, brilliant journalistic and other enterprise, and the penny post. There may be yet lying before us, in the future, fresh triumphs of civilization, marvellous and as yet unimagined developments of science, by which men shall open communication with the stars of heaven and learn the secrets of the spheres. It is quite possible; and possible also that we shall be perfecting at the same time our various explosive apparatus and arms of precision. So that at the last, in the happy invention of some exceptionally powerful agent, it is likely that some country will contrive to blow itself from off the face of this earth, thereby settling once and for all its own claim to precedence. Such a lesson might prove a salutary check upon the ambition of the rest. But the bare possibility of such an occurrence should suggest to us, as the most reasonable course, the propriety of lagging a trifle behind in the matter of new experiments, or, what were still more to be wished, that we should agree to abandon the further prosecution of such inventions for all time.

From Les Annales Industrielles.

THE HUMAN HAIR INDUSTRY IN PARIS.

FROM an industrial and artistic point of view Paris is the centre of the fine manufacture of prepared human hair. Of course the reference here is to woman's hair, for man's hair is worthless for any industrial purpose. Aside from the houses that manufacture exclusively for the export trade, the city numbers about two thousand hairdressers and five thousand workmen, about half of whom are engaged in the manufacture properly so called. The source of supply of the hair may be divided into three categories. The hair of the first category is furnished by foreign countries, India and China being the largest suppliers. This hair is exclusively black and grey, and comes in boxes, carefully packed. In addition to these countries, Italy, Spain, Germany, and Russia supply small quantities. The hair from India and China undergoes quite a lengthy preparation. It is first matched, sorted, and combed, and then immersed in a solution of soft soap and carbonate of soda, in order to scour it. Upon coming from this bath it is united root end to root end and formed into locks that are tied near the roots. It afterwards remains to render the hair thin and flexible. To this effect it is first placed in earthen pans filled with chloruretted water and water mixed with hydrochloric acid, which renders it thin and decolorizes it. Then it is immersed in a solution of soft soap and chlorate of potash, in order to render it less brittle. Finally, a definite color and shade are given it.

A light or blond shade is obtained with oxygenated water or a saturated solution of carbonate of potash. To dye it black, it is boiled for a few hours in a bath prepared with a decoction of nutgalls or Campeachy wood, in which sulphate of iron is dissolved and into which a little sumac is put, in order to give it a lustre and remove the bluish tint peculiar to the hair of the dead. Finally, it is bleached by immersing it several times in baths of oxygenated water, to which a few drops of ammo-

nia have been added. Thus prepared, the Chinese or Hindoo hair is sold to the hairdressers, who work it to their fancy, and afterward sell it at more or less moderate prices. The finest hair, forming the second category, is that of France, and comprises a variety of shades exceeding a hundred. The most beautiful is furnished by Limousin, Brittany, Normandy, and Beauce. Some lots are derived from young ladies' boarding-schools and from convents. All of this is collected by travelling men called "cutters," who make their circuit along toward spring and visit the villages to gather their crop.

In some localities of Brittany and Auvergne, on certain market days, the damsels who desire to sell their head of hair get up on a cask, undo their hair, and allow it to fall over their shoulders. An auction soon begins and every lot, as soon as cut, is delivered to the highest bidder for spot cash. This product does not pass into the bath, but is simply combed and then scoured with buckwheat flour. Finally, the third category comprises hair (which, it must be confessed, is classed among the most esteemed) derived from the sorting of combings collected by ragpickers, who stuff it into bags just as they find it, soiled by dust, felted by water, and adhering to the sweepings of houses, and sell it to small manufacturers, who undertake to utilize it.

From Public Opinion.

A FIELD FOR THE PROFESSIONAL EXPLORER.

A WRITER in *Chambers' Journal* has something to say concerning that wonderful "marine rubbish heap," the Sargasso Sea, of which Humboldt spoke as "that great bank of weeds which so vividly occupied the imagination of Columbus, and which Oviedo calls the seaweed meadows." The surface of it seems (says the writer) like a perfect meadow of seaweed. It is supposed that this enormous mass of gulf-weed may have been partly grown at the bottom of the shallower parts of the sea,

and partly torn from the shores of Florida and the Bahama Islands by the force of the Gulf Stream. It is then swept round by the same agency into the Sargasso Sea, where it lives and propagates, floating freely in mid-ocean. And the store is ever increasing, both by addition and propagation, so that the meadow grows more and more compact, and no doubt, at the inner parts, extends to a considerable depth below the surface. Nor is this all; for at least two-thirds of all the infinite flot-sam and jetsam which the Gulf Stream carries along with it in its course sooner or later finds a resting-place in the Sargasso Sea. Here may be seen huge trunks of trees torn from the forests of Brazil by the waters of the Amazon and floated down far out to sea until they were caught and swept along by the current; logwood from Honduras; orange-trees from Florida; canoes and boats from the islands, staved in, broken, and bottom upwards; wrecks and remains of all sorts, gathered from the rich harvest of the Atlantic; whole keels or skeletons of ruined ships, so covered with barnacles, shells, and weed that the original outline is entirely lost to view; and here and there a derelict ship, transformed from a floating terror of the deep into a mystery put out of reach of man in a museum of unexplained enigmas.

It is only natural that ships should carefully avoid this marine rubbish heap, where the Atlantic shoots its refuse. It seems doubtful whether a sailing vessel would be able to cut her way into the thick network of weed even with a strong wind behind her. Besides, if the effort were rewarded with a first delusive success, there would be the almost certain danger that in the calm regions of the Sargasso Sea the

wind would suddenly fail her altogether, leaving her locked hopelessly amid the weed and the drift and wreckage, without hope of succor or escape. With regard to a steamer, no prudent skipper is ever likely to make the attempt, for it would certainly not be long before the tangling weed would altogether choke up his screw and render it useless. The most energetic explorer of land or sea will find himself baffled with regard to the Sargasso Sea by the fact that it is neither one nor the other. It is neither solid enough to walk upon nor liquid enough to afford a passage to a boat. At the same time any one who fell into it would certainly be drowned without being able to swim for his life. Of course it is quite conceivable that a very determined party of pioneers might cut a passage for a small boat even to the centre. The work would take an immense time, however, and the channel would certainly close up behind them as they proceeded. They would have to take with them provisions for the whole voyage, and a journey over a space equalling the continent of Europe would probably require larger supplies than could be conveniently stowed away in a small boat. Besides, there is no reason to suppose that the expedition would be worth the making, or that the inner recesses of the Sargasso Sea would exhibit any marked differences from the outer margin. The accumulation of weed would be thicker and more entangled, and the drift and wreckage would lie more closely pressed together, but that would be all. There is no possibility of the existence of any but marine life in this strange morass, unless the sea birds have built their nests in the masts or hull of some derelict vessel.

